Biafra's Starving Children *Alfred Friendly*

THE NEW REPUBLIC

August 17, 1968, 40 cents

UNIVERSITY OF VERMONT
AUG 1968
LIBRARY

Poll-Axed?

The Editors on the Conventions

Defense Profits – *Michael Miles*

News from the Novel – *Richard Gilman*

The Rage around Us – *Robert Coles*

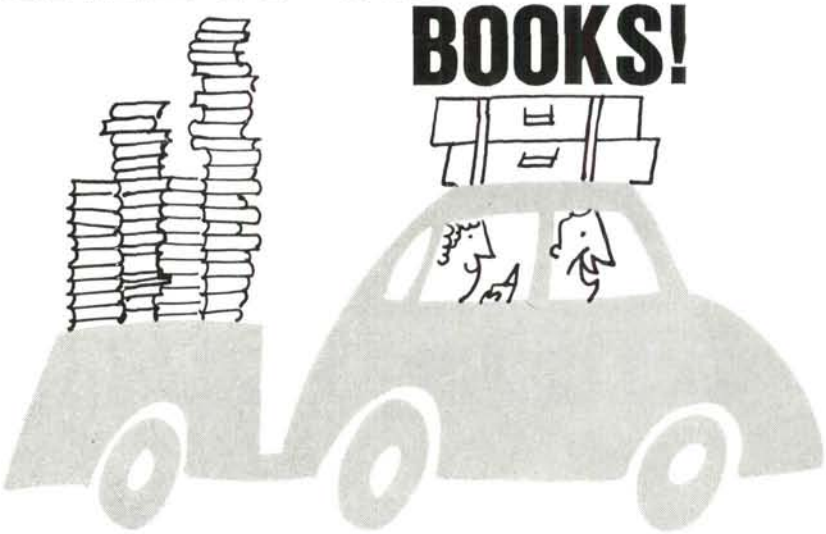
So They Took Nixon – *John Osborne*

Vietnam Casualties – *Zalin B. Grant*

A Soldier's Rights – *Edward F. Sherman*

NEWSPAPER
05401
NR UYSSRLS 119 1 1172
UNIV OF VT
GUY W BAILEY
SRLS DEPT
RUTLAND VT
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

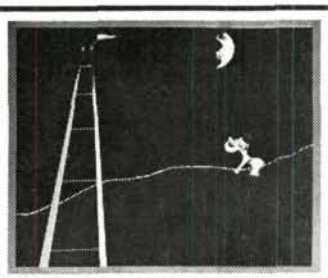
MARBORO'S VACATION SALE IS ONE FOR THE BOOKS!



$7.95 books now as low as $1.00...
$24.90 records (5-RECORD SET) slashed to $4.95
Save on prints and posters too!
SAVE UP TO 88%

5224. MODERN ART—Yesterday & Tomorrow. Selective Eye IV, ed. by G. & R. Bernier. Gathered from *L'Oeil*, a discriminating tour among the shoals of modern art; articles on Cassatt, Rousseau, Braque as illustrator, Chagall, the Synchromists, Lipchitz, much more. 311 illus., 40 in full color; 9½" x 12½". *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **4.98**

4369. Auguste Rodin's CATHEDRALS OF FRANCE. Preface by Herbert Read. The famous sculptor's only book—in which he records his impressions of cathedrals and churches of France by means of text and many brilliant sketches: Reims, Laon, Chartres, Amiens, Soissons, many others. *88 illustrations, 40 in full color. Pub. at $17.50.* *Special* **5.95**



P-805. Miro: DOG BARKING AT THE MOON. ***ON GENUINE ARTISTS' CANVAS***—silkscreen of deep brown earth and black sky, with a weird dog protesting both moon and cosmic ladder, with flashes of yellow, blue, brick red, dark green, violet & white. 18" wide x 22" high. *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

P-813. The above on heavy art stock. *Only* **2.98**

4172. MEXICAN ART—From the White God to Orozco. By J. Fernandez. 20 centuries of Mexican art from pre-Aztec sculpture to the present—59 FULL COLOR REPRODUCTIONS — paintings, sculpture, jewelry, pottery, architecture, jade and gold work, modern murals, more. 66 illus; English text; 9⅜" x 10¾". *Special import* **1.98**

4040. A DICTIONARY OF SYMBOLS. By J. E. Cirlot; preface by Herbert Read. The first reference work to provide a central source for symbological studies, *with the essential, unvarying* meaning of every symbol known to Oriental and Western man—symbols from art, literature, myth, ritual, magic. 81 illus. *Orig. $12.00.* *Only* **2.98**

5152. THE GERMAN OFFICER-CORPS in Society & State 1650-1945. By K. Demeter. Detailed study of the development of the German officer class from Frederick the Great to 1945: historical & social forces, attitudes in the corps, concept of "honor," education, between-the-wars developments, etc. Notes; index. *Pub. at $10.00.* *Special* **5.95**

5247. Thomas Morgan: SELF-CREATIONS — 13 Impersonalities. The famous *Look* and *Esquire* editor with 13 revealing portraits, each supplemented with the subjects' reaction to the profile after publication; incl. Gary Cooper, Roy Cohn, Nelson Rockefeller, Susskind, Bardot, Bennett Cerf, more. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Extra special* **1.00**

5151. AUSCHWITZ. A report on the 1965 proceedings against Robert Karl Ludwig Mulka and others before the Court at Frankfurt, with the testimony of the victims and the accused, who "checked their consciences with their superiors . . . (&) never requested their return, not to this day" — by Bernd Naumann; Intro. by Hannah Arendt. Illus. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Special* **4.95**

5244. Cecil Beaton's THE YEARS BETWEEN: Diaries 1939-1944. Elegant, moving, totally engaging, Beaton's bittersweet wartime diaries glittering with photo & social encounters with Churchill, Edith Evans, Noel Coward, Lord Montbatten, RAF pilots, socialites & bombed-out cockneys. 34 photos. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Very special* **1.00**

5149. DICTIONARY OF ART & ARTISTS. By P. & L. Murray. Handsome, sweeping survey, in text and pictures, of the history of Western art — 1,198 ILLUSTRATIONS, 52 COLOR PLATES—definitions of movements, schools, styles; entries for nearly 1000 artists and their works; illustrations of major painting techniques, much more. In gravure; 8¾" x 11¼". *Pub. at $14.95.* *Special* **9.95**

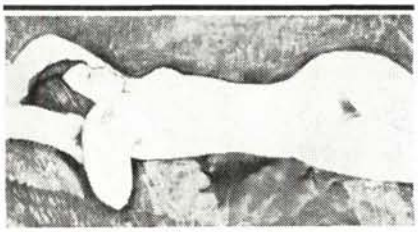
4163. *Country Life* PICTURE BOOK of the LAKE DISTRICT IN COLOR. Handsome pictorial tour of the most scenically beautiful area in England—45 FULL-PAGE COLOR PLATES—with text recalling the area's associations with Ruskin, Wordsworth, Shelley, Coleridge, Tennyson, Southey, and many others. 9¼" x 11¼". *Special import* **1.98**

5725. MICHELANGELO: 55 Color Plates. By Nicholas Wadley. Remarkable textual and photographic survey of the finest of Michelangelo's painting, frescoes, sculpture and architecture—the *David*, the three great *Pietas*, St. Peter's and more plus a 3-page fold-out reproduction of the Sistine Chapel ceiling. 65 plates, 55 in full color; 9¾" x 10¾". *Special import* **1.98**

5120. BERNARD BUFFET. By Maurice Druon & Annabelle Buffet. Particularly handsome volume of Buffet's favorite themes: clowns, bullfighters, monster butterflies, more. *85 photos, many full- & dbl-page size, 16 in full color;* 10½" x 11½". *Pub. at $17.50.* *Special* **9.95**

5236. HAPPINESS IS A STOCK THAT DOUBLES IN A YEAR. By Ira U. Cobleigh. *This Is It!*—basic survey-explanation of stock market fundamentals, review of listed stocks that doubled in each year since 1960, examination of *all factors common to these stocks*, analysis of specific stocks with annual doubling potential, more. *Pub. at $5.95.* *Super Special* **1.00**

5118. THE EPIC OF NEW YORK CITY. By Edward Robb Ellis. Most comprehensive popular history of the city ever published; endlessly informative, richly detailed accounts of the Hamilton-Burr duel, Civil War draft riots, Bklyn Bridge building, Jazz Age, Prohibition, the Crash, and all the personalities through the years. 640 pp. *Pub. at $8.95.* *Now Only* **2.98**



P-809. Modigliani: *NUDE.*

ON GENUINE ARTISTS' CANVAS—original silkscreen after the artist's most famous reclining nude; against a vivid background of red, brown & black. 15¾" x 25½". *Pub. at $15.00.* *Only* **5.95**

5106. NAPOLEON AND HIS LADIES. By G. Breton. The Napoleon the historians ignore—superb account of Napoleon-as-lover, who had more mistresses than Louis XV, Francis I & Henry IV combined, who loved them more than battle, and whose *gaminerie* made them love him. 16 illus; bibliog. *Pub. at $4.95.* *Extra Special* **1.00**

5102. Realites: THE WONDERS OF EUROPE. By the Editors of *Realites;* Preface by Salvador de Madariaga. Pictorially stunning, awe-inspiring volume evoking the spirit of Europe, depicting the life of its people, and providing a panorama of the natural and man-made beauties of the continent — 293 PHOTOGRAPHS, 48 IN FULL COLOR. 9¾" x 12½"; unjacketed. *Pub. at $25.00.* *Very Special* **9.95**

P-737. Picasso: *DON QUIXOTE.*

ON GENUINE ARTISTS' CANVAS — Picasso's tribute to the Man of La Mancha; a superb silkscreen after Picasso in black on white canvas. 20" wide x 24" high.

Special **2.98**

5101. THE INTERNATIONAL NOMADS. By Count Lanfranco Rasponi. Witty, name-dropping, informative and filled with anecdotes—all about the rich and restless who circle the globe for weddings, hunts, balls, for new hairstyles, for any excuse at all—with an Index to the Jungle of First Names & Nicknames. 25 photos; 461 pp. *Pub. at $6.95.* *Extra Special* **1.00**

5100. Vladimir Nabokov: DESPAIR. Masterly, sardonic story of a man who undertakes the perfect crime, his own murder; superb portrait of the protagonist, Hermann, a heteroclitic neurotic recalling Humbert Humbert and Charles Kinbote. *Pub. at $5.00.* *Now Only* **1.00**

5099. Clark Mollenhoff: THE PENTAGON. Pulitzer Prize-winning journalist's explosive, illuminating study of the structure and power of the Pentagon today, with a full expose of the grave errors, misleading testimony, false claims, and questionable decisions of the McNamara years. Index & Notes. *Pub. at $7.95.* *Special* **1.00**

7717. Bulfinch: MYTHOLOGY. The complete *Age of Fable, Age of Chivalry* and *Legends of Charlemagne* in one volume—all the traditional tales of adventure, romance and chivalry from the Trojan War to Robin Hood, from classical to medieval times. 679 pp., index. *Special import* **1.98**

1976. THE LOUVRE—ONE HUNDRED BEST PAINTINGS. From the richest art collection in the entire world—100 BEST PAINTINGS IN FULL, MAGNIFICENT COLOR—works by Raphael, Titian, Rubens, Rembrandt, El Greco, Durer, Manet, Degas, Renoir, Gauguin, Cezanne, Van Gogh, many more. 100 full-color plates: 9⅜" x 12½". *Orig. $10.00.* *Only* **6.95**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

RECORD SPECIALS

R-2111. *ELVIRA MADIGAN* THEMES. All the musical selections serving as background music to the widely-acclaimed film: Mozart's Piano Cto #21 & music by Vivaldi; soloists, Vienna & Stuttgart Pro Musica, Perlea & Reinhardt cond. Rechannelled for *Stereo*. *Only* **1.79**

R-2067. Prokofiev: WAR AND PEACE. *Only available uncut recording* of the huge opera masterpiece based on the Tolstoy novel; soloists Vishnevskaya, Kivkalo, Arkipova, others, Bolshoi Theatre Chorus & Orch., Alexander Melik-Pashayev cond; an MK recording. **Mono.** *Pub. at $19.92. 4 Record Set, Special Import* **3.88**

P793. WANDA EMBRY.
The 46th annual New York Art Directors Club Show's world-famous painted lady - - in full, delicious color, life like! and life size! 12" high by a radiantly enticing 63" long. *Only* **4.95**

R-2066. Rimsky-Korsakov: THE SNOW MAIDEN. *Only available recording,* the complete opera based on the famous Russian fairy tale; soloists Firsova, Borisenko, Avdeyeva, Vishnevskaya, Kozlovsky, others, Bolshoi Theatre Chorus & Orch., Eugen Svetlanov cond; an MK recording. **Mono.** *Pub. at $24.90. 5 Record Set, Special Import* **4.88**

R-2064. Borodin: PRINCE IGOR. *Only available uncut recording* of this superbly melodic opera (the music upon which *Kismet* is based); Ivanov, Smolenskaya, Lemeshev, Pirogov, Reizen, other soloists, Bolshoi Theatre Orch., Alexander Melik-Pashayev cond; an MK recording. **Mono.** *Pub. at $19.92. 4 Record Set, Special Import* **3.88**

R-2063. Prokofiev: SEMYON KOTKO. *Only available recording* of the complete 5-act opera, a huge work with a wonderful melodic wealth and dramatic impact; Gryes, Gelovani, Troyitski, Antipova, other soloists, USSR State Radio Orch., Mikhail Zhukov cond; an MK recording. **Mono.** *Pub. at $19.92. 4 Record Set, Special Import* **3.88**

R-2012. THE GREAT ENRICO CARUSO. 10 of opera's most severely taxing arias, all inseparable from one of opera's finest voices: Celeste Aida, Questa o Quella, La Donna E Mobile, Una Furtiva Lagrima, O Paradiso, M'Appari, Cielo E Mar, more. Rechannelled for **Stereo.** *Pub. at $5.79. Special* **1.98**

R-2018. BIX & THE WOLVERINES, 1924. Bix Beiderbeke & The Chicago Wolverines: Jazz Me Blues, Riverboat Shuffle, Susie, Tiger Rag, Royal Garden Blues, 7 more. Rechannelled for **Stereo.** *Pub. at $5.79. Special* **3.98**

R-1973. MUSIC FOR LUTE, GUITAR & MANDOLIN. 22 works: Paganini's Romanze for Guitar, Sor's Russian Memories for 2 Guitars, Beethoven's Guitar Quintet & 4 Pieces for Mandolin and Hpchd, Vivaldi's Cto for 2 Mandolins and Strings & Cto for Lute & Strings; Soloists, Vienna Pro Musica & Vienna Mandolin & Guitar Ensemble. **Stereo.** *5 Record Set, Only* **9.88**

R-1902. Orig. Broadcast: Orson Welles' WAR OF THE WORLDS. Original recording of the famous Orson Welles' 1938 Halloween prank about invasion from Mars—a broadcast that caused mass hysteria and panic throughout New York and New Jersey. **Mono.** *Orig. $4.79. Special* **2.98**

R-1834. TUSKEGEE INSTITUTE CHOIR. Superbly performed program of Negro spirituals: Ezekiel Saw De Wheel, Deep River, Balm In Gilead, Were You There, Listen To The Lambs; Rockin' Jerusalem, 9 more. Rechannelled for **Stereo.** *Only* **2.98**

R-1779. ANDRES SEGOVIA plays J. S. BACH. Segovia's own guitar arrangements of Bach's Cello Suite #6, Lute Suite in E, Prelude #3, Lute Sonata #1, Chaconne, & Violin Partitas #2-3. **Mono.** *Special* **1.89**

R-837. Bach: UNACCOMPANIED VIOLIN SONATAS & PARTITAS (Complete) BWV 1001-6. *Grand Prix Du Disque* recording of the 3 Sonatas & 3 Partitas for solo violin; Henryk Szeryng, soloist; "There is a suave urbanity and ease . . . a flawless violin technique, with Szeryng's faultless intonation a source of continuing wonder," *HiFi/Stereo Review.* **Mono.** *3 Record Set, Only* **5.94**

R-822. THE BEGGAR'S OPERA—With Sir Malcolm Sargent & Old Vic Company Members. The famous "original" of Mack the Knife and The 3-Penny Opera: Elsie Morison, Monica Sinclair, John Cameron, Ian Wallace, others; Pro Arte Orch., Sargent cond. "Atmosphere and charm abound . . . Stereo so vivid it makes you jump at times," *The Gramophone.* **Stereo.** *2 Record Set, Only* **3.96**

R-147. Melchior/Traubel: TRISTAN AND ISOLDE (Highlights). The incomparable voices of Lauritz Melchior & Helen Traubel in Isolde's Narrative and Curse, O Konig, Act 3 Scene 1 Complete, O Diese Sonne & Liebestod, with orch; ". . . one of the most desirable of all Tristan recordings," *High Fidelity.* **Mono.** *Only* **1.98**

4667. ROGET'S THESAURUS of Words and Phrases. Authorized, revised edition of the indispensable book for everyone who wants to find the right word at the right time. 700 pp., hardbound. *Special* **1.98**

5227. LOST CITIES OF ASIA. By Wim Swaan. Grandly illustrated re-creation of the rise and fall of five monumental capitals of Ceylon, Burma and Cambodia. *103 PLATES, 51 IN FULL COLOR* - the noble ruins of Anuradhapura, Sigiriya, Polonnaruwa, Pagan, and glorious Angkor. 8½" x 11". *Pub. at $15.00. Special* **7.95**

5153. ANGKOR—Art & Civilization. By B. Groslier & J. Arthaud; revised ed. Superb survey of exotic Khmer art and civilization, and its greatest jewel, the 1000-year-old city of Angkor with its gorgeous Angkor Wat temple, paved roads, canals, underground pipes, and numerous secular buildings. 121 illus in gravure and color; 9¼" x 11". *Pub. at $25.00. Special* **14.95**

5112. THE TRIAL OF EZRA POUND. By Julien Cornell. Documented account of Pound's treason trial, of his 13-year confinement for an alleged crime that was never proved, and of his 1958 release—the indictment dismissed by the govt; by Pound's lawyer. Illus with letters. *Pub. at $5.00. Special* **1.49**

5046. ESQUIRE'S WORLD OF HUMOR. Commentary by David Newman; Fwd by Malcolm Muggeridge. Hilarious collection of cartoons, photos, essays and fiction by Terry Southern, Mort Sahl, MacKinlay Kantor, Philip Roth, Jessica Mitford, Feiffer, Ungerer, many many others. *Pub. at $5.00. Very Special* **1.98**

4904. DICTIONARY OF LINGUISTICS. By Mario Pei & Frank Gaynor. Indispensable handbook of terms in grammar, language study, philology, historical linguistics, phonetics, phonemics & structural linguistics. *Pub. at $6.00. Very Special* **1.00**

4712. HOW TO USE HYPNOSIS. By Dr. David F. Tracy. You can use hypnosis in your everyday life —Control bad habits from smoking to nail-biting; Improve your abilities in sports, in selling, in advertising; Gain self-confidence through auto-suggestion—easy-to-apply directions and accredited methods. Photos. *Orig. $3.95. Only* **1.00**

4317. FODOR GUIDE TO EUROPE 1967. Complete travel coverage of 34 countries from Portugal to the Soviet Union, Iceland to Cyprus—by plane, ship, train, car & bus; all the tips and hints for a fun-filled vacation. Over 900 pp; photos & maps. *Pub. at $6.95. Very Special* **1.98**

1353. A Pictorial Treasury—THE RUBAIYAT OF OMAR KHAYYAM. A magnificent edition of one of the great treasures of world literature, *exquisitely illustrated in full color* by the noted Persian artist Sarkis Katchadourian. Printed on genuine rag paper. Beautifully bound, 7" x 10". *Special* **1.98**

5150. ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FURNITURE. By Hermann Schmitz. From the days of the Pharaohs to the 1850's—encyclopedia of furniture design and development tracing not only individual periods and styles but showing basic evolution throughout the ages, with illustrations arranged for comparison of various countries within each period. *320 pp. of photographic plates.* *Pub. at $17.50. Very Special* **7.95**

5117. PUTNAM'S GUIDE TO THE ART CENTERS OF EUROPE. By D. Braider. Encyclopedic reference to the painting, sculpture, and architectural masterpieces in 27 European countries; describes the features of each work, from Acropolis to Henry Moore. 542 pp; arr. alphabetically; technical glossary; gross-indexed. *Pub. at $6.95. Special* **1.98**

5096. THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS 1895-1938, Vol. 1. By Capt. Basil H. Liddell Hart. Immensely engrossing memoirs by a top-ranking military historian and strategist; "The theoretical originator of mechanized warfare. I was one of his disciples"—*Colonel General Heinz Guderian*; "Britain's greatest military historian of our times" *Field Marshal Montgomery.* 42 photos; index. *Pub. at $7.50. Very Special* **2.98**

5097. THE LIDDELL HART MEMOIRS, The Later Years, Vol. 2. By Capt. Basil H. Liddell Hart. Memoirs by the English strategist who saw his German-applied theories conquer France and whose partnership with Hore-Belisha saved England from what would have been complete destruction. 31 photos; index. *Pub. at $7.50. Very Special* **2.98**

5109. THE GREAT SALAD OIL SWINDLE. By N. C. Miller. The incredible story of Tino De Angelis and the 150-million-dollar swindle that bankrupted two Wall Street houses and wrecked an important American Express subsidiary—by the reporter whose coverage of the case won a Pulitzer Prize. *Pub. at $4.95. Very Special* **1.00**

P808. Picasso: THREE MUSICIANS.

ON GENUINE ARTISTS' CANVAS—handsome silkscreen of Picasso's famous musical trio in browns, reds, blues, green and black. *22½" wide x 24¾" high. Pub. at $18.00. Only* **5.95**

6293. Sartre: BEING AND NOTHINGNESS. Trans. & Intro. by Hazel E. Barnes. Jean-Paul Sartre's *magnum opus,* a *sine qua non* for understanding Existentialism and its importance as one of the leading philosophical movements of our time. Over 700 pp. *Orig. $10.00. Only* **2.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

marboro Dept. NR-157, 131 Varick St., New York, N.Y. 10013

Please send me, the bargains circled below. **(Please add 35c postage and handling on all orders under $10.) MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $3.**

☐ Ship C.O.D.* ☐ Enclosed find $ _____

Charge my (check one) & write in your account # _____ the amount of $_____

—Amer. Exp. —Diners Club —Carte Blanche —Uni-Card —First Nat'l City Everything Card } Limited to orders of $5.00 or more

1353	1976	4040	4163	4172	4317	4369	4667	4712	4904	5046	5096
5097	5099	5100	5101	5102	5106	5109	5112	5117	5118	5120	5149
5150	5151	5152	5153	5224	5227	5236	5244	5247	5725	6293	7717
R147	R822	R837	R1779	R1834	R1902	R1973	R2012	R2018	R2063	R2064	R2066
R2067	R2111										
P737	P793	P805	P808	P809	P813						

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

☐ Check here if you receive monthly bargain circular. New York City residents add 5% sales tax. Other New York State residents add applicable sales tax. *A few cents extra for C.O.D. Add 25¢ per title for deliveries outside U.S.A. and possessions. 10-DAY SATISFACTION OR MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE.

VISIT A MARBORO BOOK SHOP

NEW YORK: 47 W. 42 St. ● 56 W. 8 St. ● 144 W. 57 St. ● 966 3rd Ave. (58th St).

PHILADELPHIA: King of Prussia Plaza (Rts 202, 23) at Valley Forge Exit ● Roosevelt Mall Shopping Center, Roosevelt Blvd. & Cottman St., (Next to Klein's)

MIAMI: 96 Miracle Mile, Coral Gables

CINCINNATI: 525 Vine St. ● 257 Swifton Center (Facing Reading Road)

The New Republic is published 48 weeks per year at $10, by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey Inc. 1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036. Second-class postage paid at Washington, D.C.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LET'S PAVE HIS ROAD WITH HOPE AND OPPORTUNITY

In rural America there are 14 million poor people — almost half of all the poor in the nation.

Unemployment in rural areas averages 18 percent. The national average is about 4 percent.

Infant mortality among the rural poor is far higher than among the poorest of the poor in urban areas.

There is hunger, illiteracy, inadequate housing.

And there is a steady flow of hundreds of thousands each year from the countryside — from the heart of the nation's poverty problem — to the cities — too often to the ghettoes.

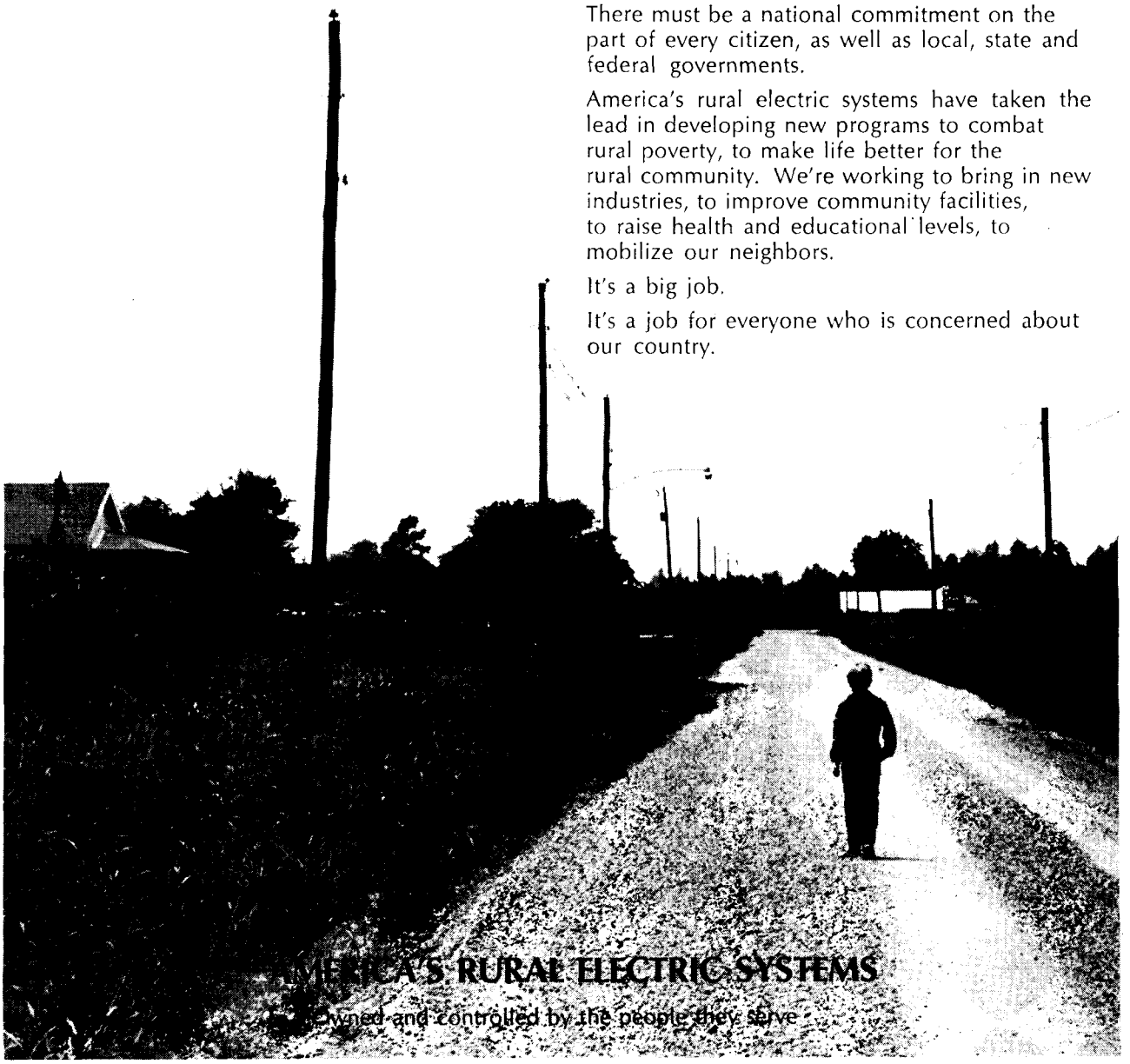
Poverty in our country is indivisible. America's rural electric people are concerned. We believe all America should be concerned. But concern is not enough.

There must be a national commitment on the part of every citizen, as well as local, state and federal governments.

America's rural electric systems have taken the lead in developing new programs to combat rural poverty, to make life better for the rural community. We're working to bring in new industries, to improve community facilities, to raise health and educational levels, to mobilize our neighbors.

It's a big job.

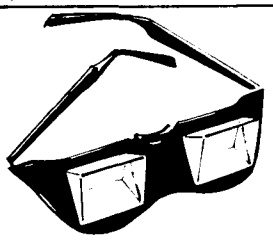
It's a job for everyone who is concerned about our country.



For more information write National Rural Electric Cooperative Association / 2000 Florida Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

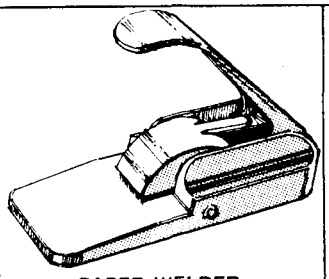
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

haverhill's



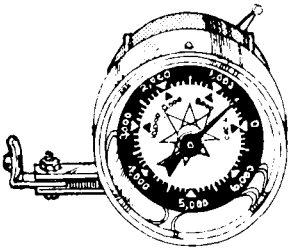
TRY BEDSPECS!

Do you have to give up watching TV or reading in bed because you can't hold your head up any longer (or that 900 pp. novel?) These clever specs let you lie flat on your back while you read or watch the late show...without getting tired. Great for watching the world go by while sunbathing, for the elderly and bed-ridden. Precisely aligned prisms are distortion free. Good looking frames are adjustable and can be worn over corrective lenses. **$14.95**



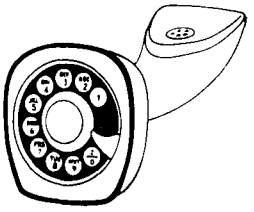
PAPER WELDER

Now staples and paper clips are passe. This helpful desk accessory crimps papers together neatly and crisply with a woven seam—all at the push of a lever. Never runs out or needs refills. If desired, papers can be separated without tearing. Keeps the bulk out of your file folders and can't foul copy machines. An executive essential and wonderful gift. **$13.95**



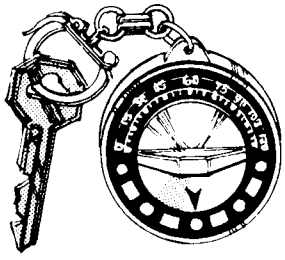
AUTO-ALTIMETER

Is precision made to register from 0-10,000 feet, with full compensation for barometric variations. Easy to mount in car, light plane, or glider. Fingertip lever facilitates zero setting. In shatter-proof tenite case. Only 3¼" diam. makes it compact enough for hikers' pack or pocket. **$9.95**



ERICOPHONE

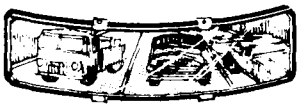
is fully compatible with Bell System. Just plug it in. One lightweight unit with dial in the base. Handsome Scandinavian styling in: white, ivory, beige, rose, lt. green, pink, blue, gray or red. Specify color. The ultimate in modern telephones. (30' cord $4.95) **$59.95**



PARKING TIMER KEYRING

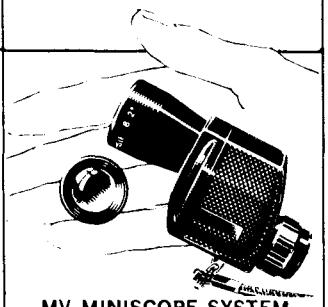
Will save you countless parking tickets and remind you of important appointments or when to take that pill. Precision Swiss timer can be set from 5 minutes to 2 hours. Buzzer tells you when time's up! Solid plastic with gold ring. Get one for your wife too. **$5.95**

Remove the Emoskop from its fitted leather case and it's a 30x microscope. A twist of the wrist converts it into a 2.5x telescope. Another twist and you have your choice of magnifiers: 5, 10 & 15x. Perfect vestpocket companion for the exacting professional and scientist. 5 coated lenses, absolutely aplanatic and achromatic. **Modern Photography** calls the Emoskop "...only magnifier worthy of the name." 1¾" x ¾". **$14.95**



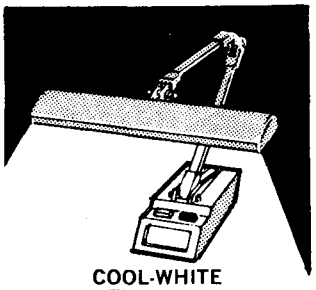
WIDE ANGLE REAR VIEW MIRROR

Fits any auto and is installed in a jiffy--without tools. Glarefree safety glass set in sturdy frame, this 10¼" x 2⅝" mirror provides distortion-free, continuous road coverage of up to 8 lanes. Avoids all those dangerous "blind spots" and lets you watch traffic right up to the passing point. Stops headlight glare, head turning and neck craning too! Important safety aid. **$6.95**



MV MINISCOPE SYSTEM

Monocular of outstanding design and performance. Fits in the palm of your hand. More powerful than most standard binoculars and field glasses. Standard objective: 8x, 24mm, 8.2°. Extra objective: 6x, 18mm, super-wide 11°. Prismatic, fully coated optics—crisp, brilliant and of complete planarity. Objectives may be used as 3x and 5x amplifier. Loupes of unexcelled definition and clarity. 3¼ ozs., 3½". With zippered case and handstrap. **$16.95**



COOL-WHITE HI-INTENSITY LAMP

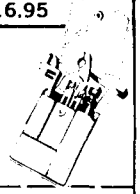
This hi-intensity lamp never loses its cool, no matter how long it's left on. Provides more than ample light on a desk, for bed-time reading, (hang it up if you wish), for sewing, or any job you need to shed light on. Has perfect balance in any position. Beautifully designed in white plastic. Small enough (10" folded) to pop into a suitcase. **$9.95**

RIVIERA WIND-UP SHAVER

Frees you of batteries, water, electricity and other paraphernalia. Just a quick wind-up and you get a smooth, fast, comfortable shave anywhere, anytime. In vinyl case. Keep one in your glove compartment. **$18.50**

Also available: Modele Anatomique with see-thru clear plastic body so you can watch the action. **$19.95**

A FREE GIFT FOR YOU. If your order (exclusive of postage and sales tax) is $30. or more—our **POCKET TOOL KIT** in shirt pocket case is our gift to you.



OUR GUARANTEE: No fine print or "ifs," "ands" or "buts." Simply return any item within 10 days if you are not delighted. Parts and workmanship guaranteed 1 year.

Mail to: 584 Washington St., San Francisco, 94111 Phone: (415) 981-5668

Please send me:

Quantity	Item	Amount

Calif. residents add 5% tax ____

Postage and Insurance $1.00

My check for this Total is enclosed ____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

_____ ZIP _____

☐ I am entitled to receive a FREE TOOL KIT TNR 0817

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

T.R.B.

from Miami Beach

A Changed Nixon?

★ Miami Beach homes have no cellars or attics. They are all in the middle. Shut a door and you shut out heat and reality: racial problems are air conditioned, too. They have them over in the City of Miami – the ghetto there rioted while the GOP nominated. But here at Miami Beach, everybody is affluent and upper-middle class. Waves lap palm-fringed shores and Republicans feel secure. The hotel sand is nicely raked.

There are tokens, of course. Ten percent of the GOP delegates are black, which is a fine token. There is a Negro senator, too. A good one. He is conspicuously on display, like the token Jew at some country club. People are especially fond of him. Tokens are important. The Republican Party has written a fine, middle-road, token platform; there is no cellar or attic to it; Lincoln or Hitler could both have run on it. Every phrase is qualified by its opposite; it is like Spiro Agnew or a Latex sock, it fits any foot and stays up by itself.

The platform worries about the federal government, particularly in aiding the poor; Republicans always fear government. It says over and over again how much better private industry could handle the problem of the cities, if stimulated by comfortable tax incentives. When it comes to agriculture, of course, or merchant shipping, or things like that, the platform says the nation has got to get in there and help.

It doesn't seem to be afraid of the federal government here; just over social welfare and the unemployed. It says specifically the government shouldn't take away the oil industry's 27½ percent depletion allowance.

The platform was softened on communism. In 1964 it said, "We reject the notion that communism has abandoned the goal of world domination, or that fat and well-fed communists are less dangerous than lean and hungry ones." Now it has changed its mind. It only gives communism a tap or two.

Richard Nixon has changed, too. You wouldn't recognize him. He may go off to Moscow any day now. All his life he has been a professional anti-communist but, as he told a press conference here, "any intelligent man does change his approaches."

What we like about Dick is, he's flexible. Take Vietnam. Two years ago he was hawkier than the White House; he out-Johnsoned Johnson. As recently as the New Hampshire primary, he was saying America's commitment in Saigon was "the cork in the bottle of Chinese expansion in Asia." But as the public cooled to the war, so did Nixon.

Now he and the platform say American aid must be "phased out"; there must be a negotiated peace. He has maneuvered himself into position to denounce the Administration. He has extricated himself; can Hubert, too?

It isn't going to be easy for TRB in the next few months. We want to be fair. Some of our best friends are Republicans. But when we are close to great numbers of them, we get gloomy. Make no doubt about it, they think they are going to win. That is why they picked Nixon over Rockefeller. We rather think they are right.

We see a big row ahead at Chicago, and a divided party. At Miami Beach, the sweaty problems of modern life don't exist. In Chicago they exist all right. And Mayor Daley keeps them in line with clubs. Take your choice.

When the Blow-Out Comes

★ So what happens if we get President Nixon? Conservatives will take over. Max Rafferty has already beaten Republican moderate Senator Kuchel in California; if Rafferty wins the election in November, America's largest state (and kookiest) will be led by Reagan, Murphy and Rafferty, an actor, a hoofer and a spellbinder. (Rafferty wowed the Young Americans for Freedom at breakfast here when he told them Johnson had sent a "poker-playing buddy to the Supreme Court.")

And Nixon will be in charge. He is a little more jowly, a great deal more mature, a better candidate and (we think) a better human being, than in 1960. Not many are wildly enthusiastic about him. Not even Republicans. He is a ho-hum candidate. But they like him. He is a retread. Retreads are fine on good roads at moderate speeds. The blow-out comes when the going gets hot and fast.

That's what we would worry about. Dick's fine now; makes a good candidate, preaches unity, is relaxed, self-possessed, impressive. What's he like under pressure? He blew his top in California after the defeat in 1962. He has a knee-jerk reaction. When our troop plane was downed off Siberia, he was instantly going right in there with force. Same way on the Fortas appointment. Is he a safe man to sit in the White House with his finger on the button and with quick-tempered Agnew, a man who dislikes Negroes, as his stand-by equipment?

Income maintenance for the poor (family allowances, guaranteed incomes) will have to wait, of course, under the Republicans. Tax incentives – that's their alternative. Let private corporations do the job and reduce their taxes. We are quite sure it won't work. But we see a three or four year trial ahead, with many confused people going along. Maybe the ghettos will wait; maybe they'll have patience.

And that's our real worry. Republicans are consolidators. They aren't innovators. Historically, they nail down what the liberals have initiated. But will that comfortable rotation work in this case? Change is fast and furious; the domestic problems are agonizing; notions of thrift and slow evolution may not keep the lid on.

As to the 1968 Republican Convention, it was terribly dull. Delegates cooed over Goldwater, which was rather charming; and good old Ev Dirksen put on one of his best shows. Or perhaps it just seemed so by contrast. It was the George Wallace South that put Nixon over; without it, Rockefeller would have won. What do the faithful care? They think the election is going to drop into their lap anyway. Maybe it will, despite Nixon's deal with Agnew.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE NEW REPUBLIC *A Journal of Opinion Volume 159 Number 7 Issue 2802 August 17, 1968*
Published weekly (except the last week in December) and distributed by The New Republic, *1244 19th St., N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036. Phone FEderal 8-2494. Single copy 40c. Yearly subscription $10; Foreign $11; Armed Forces personnel or students, $6. Send all remittances and correspondence about subscriptions, undelivered copies, and changes of addresses to Subscription Department,* The New Republic, *381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302.* *Copyright© 1968 by Harrison-Blaine of New Jersey, Inc.* *Item g. Second Class Postage Paid at Washington, D. C. Indexed in* Readers' Guide.

CONTENTS

COMMENT 7-10
Poll-Axed?; The Short Stick

Civilians Caught in the Vietnam Crossfire – *Zalin B. Grant* 11

So the Republicans Took Richard Nixon – *John Osborne* 13

Buttons, Bumper Stickers and the Soldier – *Edward F. Sherman* 15

What's the Matter with Steel? – *Robert W. Dietsch* 17

Defense Profits – *Michael Miles* 19

The Children Are Starving – *Alfred Friendly* 22

BOOKS – *Reviews by Richard Gilman, Robert Coles* 27

MUSIC – *A. B. Spellman* 40

CORRESPONDENCE 41

THE STAFF

Editor-in-Chief – Gilbert A. Harrison
Managing Editor – Alex Campbell
Literary Editor – Richard Gilman
Associate Literary Editor – Stanley Kauffmann
Associate Editors – James Ridgeway, David Sanford, Joseph Featherstone
Assistants to the Editors – F. R. Ruskin, Gwen Somers
Contributing Editors: Alexander M. Bickel, Robert Brustein, Robert Coles, Christopher Jencks, Gerald W. Johnson, John Osborne, Paul Wieck

S.E. Asia Correspondent – Zalin B. Grant

Publisher – Garth Hite
Circulation Manager – Bertha Lehman
Business Manager – Glenon Matthiesen
Advertising Department – Holly Reppert

New York Advertising Representative – E. Laurence White Jr., Good-Laidley-White 50 East 42nd Street, New York, N.Y. 10017

Office of Literary Editor – 17 Charlton St., New York, N.Y. 10014

Poll-Axed?

Nelson Rockefeller may not have been felled by a barbed Gallup poll that hit him on the opening day of the Republican Convention, but he was badly injured. For Mr. Rockefeller had run his race not in primaries, where the people cast ballots, but in newspapers, on television. His was essentially a public relations campaign. He trusted the polls would show that he and only he could win, and Mr. Gallup, at the critical moment, let him down. But perhaps all of us have been let down. It is no exaggeration to say, as *Time* magazine has, that the polls "have stumbled often in the last six months. Almost all, for example, have consistently underestimated Eugene McCarthy's considerable strength."

In rapidly changing situations, where there are emotion-charged issues and when large sections of the electorate are in the process of shifting traditional patterns of political behavior, polls may drastically under-record support for a "new" candidate, such as McCarthy (or Wallace), who comes from "obscurity" to challenge the organization. In such circumstances, disparate and often incomprehensible figures tumble out of public opinion surveys. Gallup's poll of June 15-16, for example, showed McCarthy leading Nixon by two percentage points; a Harris poll taken at almost the same time showed McCarthy leading Nixon by eight points. Then, the June 29-July 3 Gallup estimate gave McCarthy a three-point lead over Nixon. But a week later, Harris reported the same eight-point advantage for McCarthy.

The most recent Gallup and Harris tests have added to the uncertainties. According to Gallup, Mr. Nixon from July 20-23 had 41 percent to McCarthy's 36, a Nixon five-point lead. In the previous Gallup poll trial heat (June 29-July 3), however, McCarthy had 39 percent to Nixon's 36. And contrary to Gallup, the July 26-29 Harris survey gave McCarthy a lead over Nixon of eight points (43 to 35).

There is evidence for the conclusion that the Harris poll has been relatively more accurate than the Gallup in its estimate of McCarthy's strength. For one thing, two other national public opinion surveys also show McCarthy stronger than does Gallup. The Crossley July 21-26 national poll, commissioned by Rockefeller but using some Gallup personnel and facilities, showed Nixon and McCarthy tied. Gallup, it will be recalled (July 20-23) showed Nixon leading McCarthy 41 to 36. The Sindlinger national poll (August 1-4) gave McCarthy 41 percent to Nixon's 33 percent, that same eight-point lead McCarthy had in the July 26-29 Harris poll.

The Gallup poll itself provides internal evidence that something

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

went particularly wrong with its last trial heat. Gallup consolidated the results of three previous trial heats (May 25-29, June 15-16, June 29-July 3), and since those combined totals increased the number of respondents, Gallup felt entitled to report "the views" of subgroups of the national sample; that is, the preference of voters by region. Gallup subsequently reported the vote by region of his *latest* trial heat (July 20-23). Let us compare them:

East: July 20-23

McCarthy	39 percent
Nixon	44 percent

Consolidated heat: McCarthy 45, Nixon 36

Mid-West: July 20-23

McCarthy	40 percent
Nixon	43 percent

Consolidated heat: McCarthy 42, Nixon 42

South: July 20-23

McCarthy	24 percent
Nixon	30 percent

Consolidated heat: McCarthy 27, Nixon 33

West: July 20-23

McCarthy	42 percent
Nixon	49 percent

Consolidated heat: McCarthy 45, Nixon 39

Thus, whereas McCarthy in the merged, earlier trial heats had led Nixon in the East by 45 to 36 percent, between July 20 and 23 he is reported trailing 39 to 44 – an apparent Nixon gain of 14 percent. In the earlier Gallup trial heats in the West, McCarthy beat Nixon, 45 percent to 39 percent; in the July 20-23 survey, Nixon is ahead of McCarthy, 49 to 42 percent, a Nixon gain of 13 percent. In the South, Nixon did not improve his position; in the Midwest, he gained only a net of three points. Even if we had no other evidence – we do – the regional differences in Nixon's "improvement" over McCarthy are so large as to make it reasonable to infer that something is screwy. Not only did Gallup's latest poll significantly differ from his three others on a national basis, but its internal, regional inconsistency with prior Gallup trial heats is uncanny.

George Gallup Jr. has offered an explanation of why his latest poll differed so widely from that of Harris. According to *The New York Times*, he emphasized that his interviewers had gone into the field on the day newspapers carried accounts of the endorsement of Mr. Nixon by former President Eisenhower. "I have no absolutely solid evidence," Mr. Gallup said, "but I am convinced that that was a major factor. Remember that General Eisenhower is easily the most popular man in the world among Americans." But why should Eisenhower's endorsement have had such spectacular effects in the East and West and not in the South and Midwest? Is Eisenhower's popularity startlingly less in the latter two regions?

Or go West. California voters make up by far the largest proportion of the Gallup Western sample, probably about 75 percent. Two other recent polls are available for that state, one taken a few days before the latest Gallup poll, the other a few days later. *Both* show such astounding differences from Gallup and such startling similarities to each other, as to greatly discredit all of Gallup's last survey. Crossley's poll for California (July 21-26) had McCarthy beating Nixon badly, 49 to 36 percent (a 13-point lead). But the Gallup July 20-23 Western poll (which can be treated as nearly equivalent to California) showed Nixon leading McCarthy 49 percent to 42 percent, a Nixon seven-point lead! Virtually the same pattern emerges from the Field California survey, made a few days before Gallup's. Field's is one of the best state polls; its sample size is far larger than Gallup's for the entire West. Field during July 10-15 found McCarthy leading Nixon by eleven points, whereas Gallup's latest reported Nixon beating McCarthy by seven points.

One final set of data rounds out the case. With truly remarkable confidence, given the uproar caused by the Gallup national results during the previous week, on August 7 the Gallup organization issued a release purporting to show the relative strength of McCarthy and Humphrey *among* Democrats. Comparisons with the Field Poll again show stunning discrepancies. For the West, Gallup had McCarthy leading Humphrey, among Democrats only by 50 to 44 percent. But the Field poll found that among Democrats McCarthy trounced Humphrey 54 to 34 percent. (Nevertheless, the Vice-Chairman of United Democrats for Humphrey, Geri Joseph of California, wrote *The New Republic* last week that "poll after poll shows that Democrats in overwhelming numbers prefer Hubert Humphrey to Eugene McCarthy.") No more dramatic example than California can be found, to underscore the point that the Gallup Poll drastically understates McCarthy's strength. No implication is intended that the Gallup organization deliberately has downgraded the Senator's following; evidence is plentiful, however, that it has done so in fact, for reasons not at all clear at the present writing.

If we turn from the polls to the primaries, the air is clearer – to us. It was said in this space last July 27, that no sophistry could befog the primary results. But not for lack of trying, we now see. From the Vice President's camp, one hears that nobody won the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Democratic primaries this year, certainly not McCarthy "whose average works out to a mere .214 in the won-lost column." (Full-page ad of the New York Citizens for Humphrey in *The New York Times* of August 4); or that no matter what primaries did or did not show, they were held only in a few states; or that they were "deceptive" in that by the time Mr. Johnson withdrew, "in almost every state the filing dates were past, and the time required for the circulation of petitions and other activity before filing had long since disappeared in all states." (Paul T. David, in *The Washington Post* of July 21).

Sophistry is perhaps the mildest epithet that last point deserves. After Mr. Johnson pulled out on March 31, Mr. Humphrey had ample time to enter a number of primaries; Oregon, California, and New York, to name some of the more conspicuous examples. Did not the Vice President deliberately delay his announcement? Did he not dodge the primaries in order to deny Democrats any opportunity, then, to assess his role in the Johnson-Humphrey Administration in a manner favored by democratic law and custom?

To distract attention from the real question, Professor David has focused attention on a false issue: ". . . the claim that McCarthy 'won' the primaries is highly exaggerated if not simply fictitious. His only clear win against a genuine candidate actively campaigning in the same primary was in Oregon, where he won with less than 50 percent of the vote." To our knowledge, no responsible observer has claimed that all, or even a majority, of the votes cast for the late Robert Kennedy in the primaries would otherwise have been cast for Sen. McCarthy. And no responsible observer has claimed that every vote cast *for* Senators Kennedy and McCarthy was merely a negative vote cast *against* the policies of the Johnson-Humphrey Administration. But every responsible observer has recognized that the combined McCarthy-Kennedy vote overwhelmingly constituted a rejection of the incumbent Administration.

During the weekend of July 20-21, the Vice President gave a series of interviews in which he stated that he emphatically rejected the support of anti-war Democrats who want him to say President Johnson and his Vietnam policy are wrong: "To those who say I must repudiate my President and repudiate my government and its policies or they won't support me, then I say to them that they will have to find somebody else to support. . . ." And Roscoe Drummond quoted him directly on Vietnam: "We did the right thing at the right time"; the Administration's "objectives are being achieved." Will any supporter of Mr. Humphrey claim that the Vice President could have taken that position in the primaries without going down to smashing defeat? The Vice President did not dare enter the primaries because that *is* his position.

In theoretical terms, the major objection to any attempt to substitute "national mock polls" for the popular will as expressed in primaries is that, in the absence of participation in real election contests, the "quality" of respondents' answers to interviewers is low. For respondents in non-primary states, opinion surveys have much the character of "celebrity contests" or "name recognition" fun and games. They are not real elections, cannot be transmuted into real elections by the pollsters' art, and it is a travesty of the electoral process to think that they can. About half the "Democrats" in the Gallup national sample polled did not experience that qualitative clarification and enrichment of opinion that the political process stimulates when candidates directly compete for nomination and their supporters try to "mobilize" political activists who in turn, in 1968, would have mobilized Democrats to participate in the contest for the nomination.

As delegates to the Democratic National Convention ponder the variations and fluctuations of the polls and the significance of the primaries, they will be thinking too of what they're up against in Richard Nixon and how best to respond. Mr. Nixon will not be what he was; he is smarter than that. In his own word, he's a "pragmatist." He will offer himself and his party as instruments of change, not of continuity. He is free to repudiate the leaders and policies that have brought us to our present discontent. He will make the most of that freedom. He will not do a Goldwater; he will not be trigger happy and scare us by the prospect of an itchy finger on the nuclear trigger. He will be for peace at home and abroad (with honor, of course). He too will talk of building bridges (even with China!). He may go to Moscow, not for any "kitchen debate," but to demonstrate that he can be trusted to deal sensibly with the Russians. Where does that leave the Democratic Party?

It leaves it free to cut loose from past errors, to speak candidly to the felt grievances of the American people, to turn from a Great Society gone wrong to a Good Society still conceivable. Neither Eugene McCarthy nor Hubert Humphrey is the Future King. Each has his virtues and his defects. But the choice in Chicago is more profound than mere personalities. Senator McCarthy has not posed an orthodox political challenge; he has lodged a moral protest and an affirmation that reaches to the deepest distress and hopes of the country. His whole campaign is what participatory democracy is about. It has enlisted energies that seemed lost to the electoral process in our time. And these are the very energies we shall most need in the next four years.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Short Stick

Only 15 Democratic House members had endorsed Eugene McCarthy's bid for the Presidency at last count (the latest: Frank Thompson of New Jersey, Torbert Macdonald of Massachusetts, Edith Green of Oregon, Richard Ottinger, Jonathan Bingham and Lester Wolfe of New York). Yet, over 40 showed up to pose with the Senator a few days ago when the Democratic Study Group (DSG) set up a session with its photographer. That means that McCarthy's coattails are pretty long in marginal districts where progressive Democratic Congressmen are in trouble.

Through June 1, three Republican fund raising groups had picked up $4.1 million to spend on the 1968 congressional elections. As in 1966, when the GOP added 47 seats to its total in the House, this money will be concentrated in the marginal districts. The GOP backed up its House incumbents two years ago with four times as much money as the Democrats did; non-incumbent Republicans received 25 times as much from national party sources as did non-incumbent Democrats. This year, any Republican candidate has an automatic guarantee of $10,000; if he has any kind of chance, the figure will jump to $20,000 or $25,000.

The 47 new Republicans contributed substantially to the hawkish, racist, damn-the-poor atmosphere in the 90th Congress. A *Congressional Quarterly* study (April 26, 1968) points out that the right-wing Americans for Constitutional Action (ACA) gave two-thirds of the GOP freshmen a rating of 80 percent or more and one-third of them a rating of 90 percent or more for voting the right-wing way in '67.

Up to June 1, three Democratic groups had raised $700,000 for their party's Congressional candidates, hardly more than one-sixth of the amount raised by GOP groups. For an explanation of the disparity, one can start with the leadership. The President's Club continues to drain off choice contributions (the Democratic National Committee raised $1,998,224 through June 1, none of it destined for Congressional campaigns, if 1966 is the guideline), but no one seems to know exactly what those dollars are being used for. In Congress, the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee under the direction of Rep. Mike Kirwan from Youngstown, Ohio, has plodded along for what seems like centuries, serving the party's establishment. Limited funds are given to the regulars from safe districts and even to members without an opponent, especially if they are chairmen of powerful committees. Each year the Senate and House campaign committees hold a fund raiser to which they invite Washington's innumerable lobbyists at $100 per head. That particular dinner, with the Congressional hierarchy occupying places of honor at the head table, is a depressing event.

The Democratic Study Group, which McCarthy helped to organize a dozen years ago, has taken on many of the functions of the House leadership (basic research, rounding up votes on crucial bills, providing seminar sessions for new members). The hierarchy hasn't objected to that. But it reacted instantly when DSG planned a serious fund-raising effort at the Democratic National Convention. DSG had in mind a classy, $100 per ticket affair after the Monday evening session in Chicago. All receipts were to go to members from the shakiest districts, plus a handful of non-incumbents with a good chance of winning. It hoped to raise several hundred thousand dollars.

Plans had hardly jelled before Speaker John McCormack was asking DSG Chairman James O'Hara (D, Mich.) what he was trying to do, "start a fight with the Kirwan Committee by holding an event in conflict with theirs?" Not one whisper of a competing event had been heard prior to that conversation. After a series of conferences, DSG agreed to defer to a joint affair put on by the National Committee and the Senate and House Committees – in exchange for a guarantee that the House Committee's receipts will go into marginal districts. Since it's probably going to be a luncheon with tickets selling at a lower figure, that cut isn't going to be too high. And there isn't any enforcement clause: the receipts may disappear.

DSG probably didn't have a choice. All convention arrangements are in the hands of John Criswell, an Oklahoman (like so many in LBJ's circle, he was left over from the staff of ex-Sen. J. Howard Edmondson, who was defeated in 1966) who reports only to the President and keeps every other bit of information he comes across to himself. So close does Criswell run his operation that many expect him to pass out the gallery passes to the Stockyards in Chicago personally. Each day.

DSG has now turned its attention to direct mail solicitation, a method the GOP has used quite effectively for years but which the Democratic Congressional committees don't bother with (if you can pick up a phone and call a lobbyist, why bother to write him a letter). Two letters were prepared in the spring. One, signed by Vice President Humphrey, Sen. McCarthy and Sen. Kennedy (who approved the draft of the letter before his death), warns that the result of heavy GOP gains would be to cause "stalemate at this critical juncture in our history" and that, to take control of the House and accomplish this, the GOP needs to pick up only 31 seats. The second, similar letter is signed by Sen. Phil Hart, (D, Mich.) and Bayard Rustin.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Poor Count, Poor Care

Civilians Caught in the Vietnam Crossfire

by Zalin B. Grant

At the Danang Hospital, I saw one of the most sickening sights I have ever seen. Fifty civilians, children and adults, lying on the floor, little tots in a room, all with kerosene and fire burns, many of them dying at the moment. There were insufficient personnel, insufficient equipment, insufficient everything to care for these casualties. – Dr. John J. Levinson, testifying before a Senate subcommittee, October 9, 1967.

Danang

A Marine helicopter gunship carrying bullet-mangled and burned Vietnamese civilians bumped down outside the Danang Provincial Hospital. Dust stirred by the chopper swirled through the hospital's 11-bed burn ward where I watched an American nurse go about her grim chores. Forty war-burned civilians, mostly women and children, jammed the bedroom-size ward which contained a chipped sink, one fluorescent tube for lighting, a sluggish ceiling fan and no running water.

As Dr. Levinson predicted last year before Senator Edward Kennedy's subcommittee on refugees, little has been done to help South Vietnam's 150,000 annual civilian war casualties. Like South Vietnam's other 43 civilian provincial hospitals, Danang still suffers from a severe shortage of doctors, nurses, medical supplies, sanitation facilities, and even drinking water. After Tet, 1,600 wounded civilians were stuffed in its 700 beds. Now the hospital is so overcrowded that wounded and dying lie untended on its porches. At least 50,000 war-wounded have already been admitted to South Vietnam's civilian hospitals this year, double last year's total for the same period. Thousands more soon will be caught in the crossfire between the North Vietnamese and the US if the enemy launches a new offensive against the cities as our officials are monotonously warning may happen.

A publicity battle over civilian casualties has raged since late 1965, after the massive buildup of US troops and firepower. The controversy first focused on US use of napalm. Says an AID official: "Nothing was more dramatic than the charge we were frying children." Dr. Howard Rusk of *The New York Times*, arrived here in early 1967 in search of napalm victims. After spending four days visiting 20 province hospitals, he concluded that napalm casualties were a myth, that the peasants' burns resulted from accidental kerosene and gasoline fires. Rusk's findings were later reinforced by a White House appraisal team of doctors who took a three-week dip into the hinterlands of Vietnam. "It really took the pressure off," says an AID doctor. But although officials publicly praised Rusk's report, many privately called his hasty conclusions on the non-existence of napalm victims "fatuous." Colonel William Moncrieff, who later headed the AID public health mission in Vietnam, told me at the time that it was impossible to gauge the extent of misdirected napalm, since it seldom left victims alive to tell about it. "Unfortunately – and what most people don't seem to understand – napalm doesn't wound many people," said Moncrieff. "This big ball of jellied fire goes rolling across the ground – and that's it. They're dead either by burning or by suffocation."

During the napalm flap, a high-ranking Air Force officer opened a top secret listing of the ordnance dropped on South Vietnam and assured me there was certainly a possibility many civilians were killed by napalm. In an average day, he said, 100 tons of napalm were dumped on the countryside. On the same day the Air Force unloaded an average 200 tons of bombs, ranging from the type used in World War II to modern cluster bomb units, bomblets which explode in mid-air and spray thousands of lethal steel balls over a wide area. In the face of such massive firepower, despite elaborate safeguards, of course civilians are killed. In the past year these bomb tonnage figures have undoubtedly increased – and the US no longer has a monopoly on sophisticated firepower. The Viet Cong have increased civilian casualties with their attacks on heavily populated areas and indiscriminate use of rockets and mortars.

After the napalm controversy, the war casualty debate bounded on to the numbers game. Senator Edward Kennedy's investigation of wounded peasants and refugees had pricked the conscience of a government that had shrugged off civilian injured as "unfortunates who suffer in every war." Just how many civilians were being killed and maimed by the Viet Cong and the US? Despite its penchant for paper studies on practically everything else, the US mission here had no statistics on civilian war wounded. But AID officials, more imaginative at coming up with figures than aiding victims, guessed there were 50,000 a year. Senator Kennedy, after careful study, estimated the rate then at 100,000, including 24,000 killed outright. He later revised his estimate to 150,-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

000. On second thought, AID conceded there were probably 100,000 civilian casualties a year – more than the combined total of US and South Vietnamese battlefield casualties.

While this macabre exercise went on, few steps were taken to improve the lot of wounded civilians. US AID and military doctors were assigned to most provincial hospitals, but they were too few to deal with the overwhelming number of war-related casualties, much less make a dent in other major health problems plaguing the peasants. The annual amount the US spent on civilian medical aid came to less than half of one day's military budget. Queried by the State Department, Westmoreland's command said nothing further could be done by the military to prevent civilian casualties.

Lyndon Johnson's answer to the problem came at the Guam conference in April 1967 when he ordered the Pentagon to build three hospitals solely for wounded civilians. One of the three finally opened last month, just a few minutes' ambulance drive from the ramshackle Danang hospital. But it's not a civilian casualty center. While Vietnamese farmers, many with bodies torn by US bombs and artillery, died or came close to it last week at the sardine-packed Danang Provincial Hospital, the new 400-bed military hospital was only half filled – with US army casualties and one Vietnamese civilian.

"We haven't turned any civilians down," said Captain Tom Otwell, the hospital's administrator, "but we haven't sought any out, either." That sums up the attitude of many US military and government officials. Rather than develop a sensible plan to alleviate the problem, our officials have spent their time maneuvering to thwart criticism.

Johnson had announced in Guam that the Defense Department would build three US operated civilian casualty hospitals at Danang and Chu Lai in the northern portion of South Vietnam, and at Can Tho in the delta. They would be designed to siphon off half the annual war patients from the overloaded South Vietnamese hospital system. Two of the new installations were supposed to be completed by December 1967, the third in April this year. What the White House didn't anticipate, however, was the Pentagon's well-tested tactic of stalling. Four months after the Guam conference, hospital construction still had not begun. Ted Kennedy again prodded Defense Secretary Robert McNamara for action in mid-August last year. Yet by October, not a brick had been laid. Westmoreland's command, fearing bad publicity for the delay, set up an interim civilian casualty treatment system by allotting 300 beds at Tuy Hoa and Vung Tau. These US military hospitals were so far removed from the battlefield that very few civilians were helped.

Construction finally began in November – seven months after Lyndon Johnson ordered the hospitals built. Simultaneously, the Army stepped up its campaign against the project. Army doctors, in letters to Congress, protested against being drafted to treat Vietnamese civilians. The bloody Tet offensive in early February gave the Pentagon the weapon it needed to block the civilian hospitals. The Pentagon said that the three hospitals under construction were needed for US military casualties. It was decreed that the three new hospitals should be turned into US military hospitals. All service hospitals, however, would be opened to Vietnamese civilians on a joint occupancy, or "space-available" basis.

The Pentagon's joint occupancy plan looks ideal on paper, but since January, only 3,480 civilians, an almost insignificant number, have been treated at the 26 US military hospitals scattered throughout Vietnam. Why? First, US military and Vietnamese civilian casualties occur at the same time, during battles in populated areas. US military doctors are chary to accept very many civilians because unpredictable battles may create emergency numbers of US casualties. Military hospitals, in fact, are bound by regulation not to use more than 65 percent of their bed space at any time.

Secondly, the Army's administrative system for assigning civilian casualties to US hospitals is impossibly cumbersome. To be transferred from an inadequate South Vietnamese hospital to a US military complex, a civilian must first be referred to a US official by a local South Vietnam government representative. The US official in turn arranges with the US hospital to have the civilian admitted. The whole process sometimes takes weeks. Eight US forms must be filled out to move a patient from his home province. So unless a civilian is picked up on the battlefield along with wounded Americans and flown directly to a military hospital, he stands little chance of receiving US treatment. Under such circumstances, it is hardly surprising that so few Vietnamese wounded have been treated in American hospitals.

A pediatrician, Dr. William B. Henry, was specifically assigned to the new Danang Army hospital before its role as one of the three civilian casualty centers was changed. Like the other two hospitals recently opened at Chu Lai and Can Tho, the new Danang hospital came equipped with a pediatrician, obstetrician, giant supplies of baby medicine, 14 incubators and 40 cribs. None are being used. During his several months in South Vietnam, Dr. Henry has treated 15 Vietnamese children. "It's really a shame," he says.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So the Republicans Took Richard Nixon

Miami Beach

"Play me a song, Eddie," Roscoe Pickett said. " 'When Irish Eyes are Smiling'."

It was three a.m. in Bill Jordan's place, a modest saloon and a nightclub near Convention Hall in Miami Beach, where Richard M. Nixon had just been nominated for the Presidency. Eddie Rose, the club comedian, waddled to the piano and did as he was told. He had nothing else to do. Bill Jordan was moaning that the Republican National Convention was great for the big hotels and the taxi drivers, but murder for him. What with traffic restrictions and the jam of convention cars, his regular customers had nowhere to park and had vanished for the week. The clubroom, usually jumping with show-girls and Eddie's jokes at this hour, was dark. In the saloon at the rear, Roscoe and a stray reporter were the only customers unless you count the house blonde, who was perched at the bar with the state of Georgia's Republican national committeeman, and trying to comfort him. She and Eddie and Bill Jordan and the bartender did not know just who Roscoe Pickett was, but they knew a big man and a big spender when they saw one, and Roscoe had lost no time in letting them know that he was sad, and why. While Eddie played "Irish Eyes," and the blonde kidded Roscoe about his gloom, he stared into his highball and said over and over, "We lost tonight. We lost tonight."

Roscoe was a Reagan man. Back when his daddy, the elder Roscoe Pickett, was the boss of the few Republicans in Georgia and nominated Calvin Coolidge for the Vice Presidency in 1920, and until recently in the current Roscoe Pickett's time, that would have been enough to wrap up the entire Georgia delegation. Now there are a lot more Georgia Republicans, mostly ex-Democrats, and such new and younger leaders as former Congressman Howard ("Bo") Callaway, who came within a few thousand votes of being elected governor in 1966, and this year led the campaign for Richard Nixon in Georgia and the whole lower South. But Roscoe, the wealthy lawyer and businessman with offices in Atlanta and Washington, is still a power in the Georgia party, its national committeeman and a vice chairman of the national finance committee. He supported Barry Goldwater in 1964, when Goldwater carried Georgia and four other Southern states, and the same factors that drew him to Goldwater then drew him to Ronald Reagan this year. Only six others of Georgia's 30 delegates voted with Roscoe Pickett for the conservative California governor's nomination.

But that is not the true measure of Ronald Reagan's appeal to Republicans in the South and elsewhere. And of what the choice of Richard Nixon over Governors Reagan and his opposite in the Republican spectrum, Nelson Rockefeller, signified for the party that Nixon now leads to the general election. If the majority of the delegates to this convention had voted from their hearts instead of from their heads, as Roscoe Pickett and Republicans like him did, Ronald Reagan would be the nominee. And, as it turned out, Roscoe and his friends did not lose everything. They compelled Mr. Nixon to choose Governor Spiro T. Agnew of Maryland, a Vice Presidential nominee who is, in a word heard very often here this week, at least "acceptable" to the Southern Republicans and to Goldwater Republicans everywhere.

Now that the choices – the convention's for the Presidency and Mr. Nixon's for the Vice Presidency – have been made, it may seem idle to rehash the tactical squeeze upon Mr. Nixon and his response to it. But it is not idle. The nature of the squeeze and the part that Southern Republicans played in it go to the heart of Mr. Nixon's problem and the party's problem in the general election. The simple fact was that Nixon calculated that he had to win the nomination on the first ballot, or probably never win it, and that the votes of the Southern delegations were essential to win it on the first round. In a series of daily and often nightly conferences with the leaders, and frequently with individual members of the Southern delegations, he promised again and again that "I am not going to take, I can assure you, anybody who is going to divide this party." Such Southern Republicans as Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, the unquestioned master of the Republican party in his state and the Democrat who deserted that party in 1948 to run as a Dixiecrat for the Presidency, read this to mean, quite literally, a promise *not* to choose such prospects as Mayor John Lindsay of New York, Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon, or Charles Percy of Illinois.

What the Southerners wanted, the more conservative delegates at this convention also wanted in essence. This was, quite simply, a candidate for the Vice Presidency who did not signify to them the associations with tender treatment of black rioters, student rebels, and Vietnam doves. In the South, they looked to Nixon for a Vice Presidential nominee who would at least give them some basis for the hope that what they regard as the Johnson Administration's deliberate and aggressive intrusion of federal power upon state affairs would be modified to a point that they could accept.

In the heated atmosphere of Miami Beach, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Southern influence upon this convention's choice seemed at times to be exaggerated. Southern Republicans, after all, are still in a minority. Most of them, especially in the states of the Deep South, assume that George Wallace of Alabama probably will win those states in the general election against Mr. Nixon and any Democrat who opposed him. But they, and especially the more conservative of them, were in fact *closer* to the national party consensus reflected at the convention than most Republicans around the country would like to admit. A journalistic cliché is that Mr. Nixon himself, and his party, have learned their lesson from the Goldwater disaster of 1964 and have kicked the Goldwater image. Much that happened at this convention brings that proposition into considerable question. The reception given Barry Goldwater on the night he addressed the convention, in terms weirdly far from the terms of his 1964 campaign, was second only to that accorded the announcement that Richard Nixon had won the nomination. The biggest burst of applause for Spiro Agnew, when he put Mr. Nixon in nomination, came with the sole reminder throughout the whole proceedings that Richard Nixon had stayed with Goldwater in 1964 "in the party's darkest hour." William E. Miller, the former congressman of New York who was Goldwater's choice for vice president in 1964, was among four Republicans chosen by Nixon to second Nixon's nomination here. Mr. Goldwater spoke for Nixon during the frantic days of maneuver and negotiation for first-ballot support with continuous intercessions with the Southern Republican leaders. When a *New York Times* report that Nixon had reduced his prospective choices for the Vice Presidency to Nelson Rockefeller, Mayor Lindsay and Mark Hatfield hit Miami, Goldwater personally assured several Southern delegations that the story was false. So did John Mitchell and other senior Nixon lieutenants.

This foreshortened version of the intricate wheeling and dealing at the convention may seem unfair to both Nixon and his running mate. Nixon was entirely believable when he said at his press conferences that he has changed many of his views to conform with the changes in a fluid world. Nobody watching him before and at his moment of triumph at the convention could doubt his assurances that he intends to be "a national candidate" without intended surrender to the extreme reactionary factions of his party or to any section, including the Republican South. But this version is no more cruel to Nixon and to Governor Agnew than the circumstances of their nominations were. Agnew had acquired the guise of a moderately liberal Republican by defeating a conservative racist for the governorship of Maryland, and his views on such issues as open-housing (he says he favors it) would horrify such Southern leaders as Strom Thurmond if they paid much attention to them. What they know or choose to remember about Agnew, however, is that after the Baltimore riots which followed the murder of Martin Luther King, he developed a strong "law-and-order" line, and treated a group of Negro leaders who had called upon him with marked rudeness, implying that they were impudent and obstructive in their demands for tolerant and cooperative treatment of Baltimore's black ghetto.

The party platform, despite the frequent descriptions of it as a signal of both modernity and moderation in the basic Republican positions, was acceptable to Southern and other conservatives. Its Vietnam plank, for example, manages to be all for a negotiated peace, and to be equally firm against any concessions that would, in the opinion of such hawks as Senator Thurmond and the host of fiery Southerners at the convention, amount to surrender.

Paradoxically, the best evidence of the surviving Goldwater syndrome in the Republican Party is the strength, made apparent here, of opposite trends toward something near genuine liberalism. Governor Rockefeller got more votes on the first and only ballot for the Presidential nomination than Governor Reagan did. There was obvious demand and support for John Lindsay, Senator Hatfield, Senator Percy and others of their stripe for the Vice Presidential choice. There was also, it must be noted, heavy pressure upon Nixon to sweep aside Ronald Reagan's many assurances, truly desperate at the last, that he had absolutely no interest in the Vice Presidency. But the dominant fact is that the conservative current still running through this party finally dictated Mr. Nixon's choice of Governor Agnew. In a series of early morning conferences with groups of party leaders and senior members of his staff, Southern and other conservative Republicans clearly dominated the groups with whom he consulted. They included Senator Thurmond, as Nixon had promised they would; Fred LaRue, a leader of the Mississippi delegation, and half a dozen other Southerners. There was not a single ideological equivalent of Hatfield, Lindsay or Percy among them. When Nixon, cleanshaven and reasonably fresh although, as he said, he had had only one hour's sleep since his nomination, announced his choice of Governor Agnew, the same feeling of dull anti-climax and non-happening that had pervaded the Convention Hall at the end of the first ballot vote was altogether apparent among the several hundred correspondents who awaited him at his hotel. All of the absurdities, wild speculations, the hidden and visible maneuverings of the previous three days, seemed to have come to nothing beyond the obvious.

JOHN OSBORNE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Buttons, Bumper Stickers and the Soldier

The American military is not the first place one would look for converts to Eugene McCarthy's New Politics. It stands, in Senator McCarthy's words, as a "huge, powerful and somewhat autonomous establishment," resistant to change and civilian influences, relatively uncontaminated by dissent.

In the last few months, however, an airman at Carswell Air Force Base, Texas, Thomas F. Gibbons, refused to remove a McCarthy button from his uniform. A 2nd Lieutenant at Ft. Devens, Massachusetts, Dennis J. Morrisseau, attended a McCarthy rally in his uniform, put an anti-war bumper sticker on his car, and picketed the White House. A Marine Lt. Colonel, William R. Corson, scheduled a highly critical book on American Vietnam policies for publication on July 1, the day after he was to retire from the service. An ex-Private, Andrew Stapp, continued to recruit members for his American Servicemen's Union, and a cover story in *Esquire* brought news of the union to soldiers around the country.

Airman Gibbons was court-martialed, Lt. Morrisseau was given a "shanghai" order and charged with court-martial offenses, Col. Corson's retirement was held up pending court martial investigation, and the *Esquire* issue was banned from Army posts. But after taking these actions, the military found that it was on shakier legal grounds than it had been in court-martialing and salting away Vietnam dissenters like the Ft. Hood Three, Capt. Howard Levy, and Capt. Dale Noyd (See "Dissenters and Deserters," *NR*, Jan. 4, 1968). The Vietnam dissenters had usually refused at some point to accede to military authority, while these cases primarily involved attempts by the servicemen to express their political views. Although the military felt confident that court martial convictions could be obtained against all of them, there were touchy constitutional issues involving the right to free speech which might be raised on appeal.

And so last month, in rather dramatic reversals, the military retreated. Airman Gibbons was discharged honorably before his tour was up. The scheduled court-martial of Lt. Morrisseau was dropped, and he was returned to duty with a minor non-judicial punishment. Col. Corson was retired on time with only a non-judicial reprimand, and his book, *The Betrayal*, is selling like hot cakes. The *Esquire* issue was put back on the newsstands in the PX's.

Unfortunately, these cases do not provide legal precedents because, by not prosecuting, the military has prevented their becoming test cases. Thus, from a strictly legal point of view, there is still little basis for saying that a soldier has a legal right to do any of the things involved in these cases. For example, in the case of the attempted censorship of Col. Corson, the military still has the power, under a regulation, to require that manuscripts of servicemen be submitted for censorship before publication. This regulation was held constitutional in a 1954 Court of Military Appeals case, *US v. Vorhees*, in which a lieutenant colonel was court martialed for publishing a book containing a description of General MacArthur's improper release of a flattering story about his secret invasion plans. One of the judges, Judge Latimer, expressed the view that a serviceman has no right to any form of comment which might reflect badly on the military: "One of the chapters of the book was devoted to [General MacArthur's] utter disregard of the fundamentals of military secrecy. It is not difficult to comprehend that an officer assigned to the position occupied by this accused could, by virtue of his assignment, and through false and misleading statements, destroy the faith and confidence of the people of the free world not only in the leadership of General MacArthur, but also in all other American officers. It matters little whether the published comments were true or false because the effect on the public would be the same and the cause would be weakened."

This language seems a little out of place today. Supreme Court decisions have upheld the right of citizens to criticize "public figures" without fear of libel. The right to criticize has also been extended to government employees: federal civil service employees can take part in non-partisan political activities (a group of federal employees in Washington, D.C. formed the Federal Employees Against the War in Vietnam this spring), and on June 3, the Supreme Court held unanimously in *Pickering v. Lockport Township* that public school teachers may not be discharged for criticism of school officials. The *Vorhees* case, however, is still good law in the military. Three-and-a-half million servicemen, half of them draftees or reluctant volunteers, are still subject to military censorship of their writings, and those beautifully vague military crimes (such as "conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman," "contemptuous words against the President, Vice President, Congress, etc.," and "disorders and neglects to the prejudice of good order and discipline in the Armed Forces") are still being used to suppress criticism by soldiers.

Lt. Morrisseau's case provides a good example of the problems which a soldier faces in attempting to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

participate in the political dialogue. Morrisseau is a 26-year-old graduate of the University of Vermont and had one year of law school at the University of Chicago before entering the Army. He was interested in political science and attracted to the idealism of McCarthy's New Politics. He thought it lucky to be assigned to Ft. Devens for it is less grim than most Army posts and considered to be a "sweet tour of duty." Morrisseau was a model officer with high efficiency ratings, but he was troubled by the war in Vietnam. When he heard that Senator McCarthy was going to speak at Dartmouth College on Sunday, March 3, he decided to attend. He wore his uniform, and he surprised himself and the audience during the question period when he asked the senator if he had received much support from members of the military (McCarthy said no) and stated that he favored McCarthy's position on Vietnam and felt that there were many others in the military who felt the same way.

Someone reported him to the Ft. Devens commander, and he was called before the Chief of Staff, Col. Hugh Queenin. Did he own the car which had a bumper sticker reading "End Vietnam War Now," he was asked. He said he did and was ordered to take off the sticker or remove the car from the post. He said he would remove the car. (The colonel testified later that he felt the sticker was "inappropriate" for an Army man's car but that he had not done anything about the numerous cars on post with stickers reading "Support Our Boys in Vietnam" and "Let's Win in Vietnam.") Morrisseau was then told that he was relieved of duty, his TOP SECRET clearance was revoked, and he was under investigation for a court-martial for attending the McCarthy rally.

A week later, on Sunday, March 10, Morrisseau, dressed in his uniform, held up a sign reading "120,000 American Casualties – Why?" in front of the White House. He was arrested by the Armed Forces Police. "They kept saying I must be crazy, some kind of communist," he said. "I told them I saw it as my duty as a citizen – that this was true patriotism." Morrisseau was restricted to quarters and again told he would be court-martialed. But the authorities were in a bind. If they court-martialed him for "conduct unbecoming an officer" or for violating the Army regulation which prohibits soldiers from wearing uniforms at "demonstrations" and taking part in political activities, the conviction might be reversed and thus create a precedent for the unconstitutionality of these regulations. So Morrisseau was suddenly ordered into a staff car on March 13, and, without being allowed to pick up his clothes off-post or make a telephone call, he was driven to the Ft. Devens airport and ordered to board a special Army plane to take him to his new assignment in advance of his scheduled departure later in the week. It was the old "shanghai," an unofficial way the military can punish a serviceman without having to go through a court-martial by issuing a special order causing considerable personal inconvenience. Morrisseau refused to board the plane, saying the order was unlawful as an attempt to punish him for exercising his First Amendment rights and to scare other servicemen. The military could now court-martial him for disobeying an order rather than having to run the risk of creating a test case over his free speech activities.

It is likely that Morrisseau would have been found guilty by the nine officers who were scheduled to sit on his general court-martial in early June. But shortly before the trial, the charges were suddenly withdrawn and forwarded to a higher command where they were dropped. No one is sure why. It could have been weaknesses in the prosecution's case or the desire of the Army to avoid possible adverse publicity in an election year. Or it may have been that the Army, on learning that Morrisseau's attorneys were preparing to file a federal suit to enjoin the court-martial, were fearful of federal court action.

The threat that a federal court might step in with an injunction against the military to protect a soldier's constitutional rights is a new legal concept, and it is shaping up as an important deterrent to military arbitrariness. Until recently federal courts considered military law was a separate and independent judicial system and would only review court-martial convictions on limited *habeas corpus* grounds after a soldier had exhausted all his military appeals (which may take from two to four years). The first break came last year when the US Court of Appeals for the Third Circuit ruled in *Wolff v. Selective Service* that a federal court could enjoin a draft board from reclassifying students 1-A because they had participated in an anti-war demonstration. Then, on this June 10, a federal court held that the military itself could be enjoined from denying a member's constitutional rights. The US Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit ruled in *Hammond v. Lenfest* that a Naval reservist who was denied discharge as a conscientious objector did not have to refuse to serve and be court-martialed, but that the federal courts could review his claim of denial of his constitutional rights and order him released from the service.

These are rather technical legal matters, but they are of the greatest importance to the protection of a serviceman's rights. It means, to a serviceman, that he is not isolated in a court-martial system which cannot be reached by the civilian courts. It is the first sign that the federal courts may be willing to take action, other than in review on appeal, to curb

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

arbitrariness in the military and reflects the sentiments expressed by Chief Justice Warren in a speech six years ago at New York University Law School: "When the authority of the military has such a sweeping capacity for affecting the lives of our citizenry, the wisdom of treating the military establishment as an enclave beyond the reach of the civilian courts almost inevitably is drawn into question."

The knotty problem with the question of free speech in the military is where to draw the line. A soldier cannot have the right to talk back to his superior or campaign for his causes when he is supposed to be working, or clutter up his uniform with buttons and slogans. But there appears to be no great threat to military efficiency to permit a soldier to join political parties and groups, to have an anti-war sticker on his car, to attend off-post rallies and express support for a candidate or cause, to join a servicemen's union, or to express opinions in conflict with official military or government policies. The alternative to permitting such free speech activities is to silence three-and-a-half million men.

It has been said that by forbidding soldiers to participate in political and public affairs, the military is merely insuring its neutrality. The truth is that the military has never been a neutral force and has always been used in a partisan role in support of the policies of the Administration in power. This is especially true in time of war. Every time a military unit marches in a patriotic parade, or a major just back from Vietnam is sent to talk to a civic club, or a military "information" program is shown on TV, the military acts in a partisan way to express support for Administration policies. President Johnson recognized the political dividends to be derived from the military when, in those last frantic months before his March 31 abdication, he restricted his public appearances almost entirely to military bases where he could be assured that no pickets would appear and that the commanders would turn out a group of cheering servicemen.

It is also said that if soldiers are permitted to participate in political activities, the military might exert undue influence upon the electoral process. There is a danger in permitting high ranking military men to meddle in politics as shown by General MacArthur's attempts to embarrass the Truman Administration and General Walker's attempts to undermine Administration policies with troop indoctrination. However, this can scarcely be a valid reason for silencing all servicemen. There is little danger that the public will be misled into thinking that a private or 2nd lieutenant who supports Senator McCarthy or George Wallace is speaking for the Army or that he could use his position in an unfair way to assist the candidate.

The military can expect increased activism when college graduates begin to dominate the draft calls this summer. Many are advocates of the New Politics, of individual commitment to social ideals. These men will not easily be stripped for two years of their right to take part in the political dialogue. The courts are behind the times in providing a right to free speech for servicemen and in providing a federal forum for its protection, but the first early precedents have now appeared.

Edward F. Sherman

Mr. Sherman is a teaching fellow at Harvard Law School.

What's the Matter with Steel?

Most of the other steel producers thought Bethlehem was crazy when it announced across-the-board price increases of five percent following a new wage contract that is estimated to put up labor costs more than six percent. US Steel, which makes a quarter of the steel produced in the US, had its lesson in 1962, when its chairman Roger Blough had his head-on clash with President Kennedy. Since then, it's been understood that steel price increases will be selective, not across-the-board. But Bethlehem wasn't just breaching a gentlemen's agreement; it seemed to be defying the law of economics that says price has to bear a relation to demand. When the price rise was announced, steel users had 36 million tons in their stockpiles, twice as much as normal. Most of it was sheet, and Detroit had it: why would the car-makers buy more at a higher price? The other big outlet for steel is defense, and when the White House fought back, Republic and Armco, which had followed Bethlehem's lead, retreated and said they would not raise price on some defense items. Bethlehem rolled back.

But Bethlehem's obtuseness and then defeat are just one aspect of the sad tale of steel. The industry, which eight old-fashioned giants dominate, is enfeebled within by technological lag, and is also menaced by greatly increased and still rising imports

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from Japan and from Western Europe.

Two decades ago, the industry was universally conceded to be the basic indicator of US economic health and vigor. Steel, and the men who managed it, personified the private enterprise system – bold, brave, successful, fearless, profitable and profit-making, without need of government assistance, disdainful of government interference. Today, steel is – or was until recently – among the least profitable of industries; one survey ranked it 38th among 40 in earnings return. Today, it faces the greatest competition in its history, at home and from abroad. It is rushing to diversify into chemicals, building materials, plastics, real estate. It is being eyed as acquisition bait by such upstart businesses as electronics, and it is begging Washington for help against foreign mills.

A decade ago, the industry exported almost six million tons, without really trying. This year, American mills will sell almost no tonnage abroad, but foreigners will ship a record 12 million tons here, to users who are located within blocks of the biggest domestic steel facilities, in Sparrows Point, Chicago and Cleveland. The Japanese, in order to forestall a quota bill in Congress, volunteered to limit their steel shipments here, but nobody expects the overall upward import trend to slacken in the months ahead.

Recent congressional hearings into trade and tariff policy were replete with statistics depicting steel's plight, but they brushed lightly over the more basic problem. I. W. Abel, president of the United Steelworkers Union, said the industry was investing approximately $2½ billion a year in facilities. But these outlays began years too late. The principle of injecting oxygen into a steelmaking furnace to produce better quality metal quicker and at lower cost was developed in Austria 15 years before it was adopted here. "Pittsburgh," snaps one of Mr. Abel's own assistants, "just wouldn't concede that the Austrians could do anything better than Americans." While Europeans and Japanese were rushing into basic oxygen furnaces, the domestic industry was investing billions of dollars to construct 40 million tons of the more familiar, but less efficient, open-hearth furnaces. Yet it costs $20 to $25 less per ton to build oxygen capacity and the operational savings run $5 to $10 per ton. Domestic mills also delayed installing continuous casting facilities, and the industry is stingy when it comes to research and development expenditures, which have kept other US enterprises far ahead of world competitors during the postwar decades. A National Science Foundation study showed that in 1964 steel put only 60 cents of each $100 worth of sales into research and development. The average for all manufacturing that year was $1.90 per $100 of sales. More recent data show the 60-cent figure up to only about 70 cents.

Fortune magazine, no critic of American business, commented two months ago that "the steel industry has until recently been raising prices and has refused to use pricing as a competitive weapon, while foreign steel companies have been cutting export prices – accepting lower profit margins to get added volume. Now US Steel has broken out of the pattern: almost furtively, the company has cut prices sharply on a variety of products to meet foreign quotations. Much of the industry is distressed about this untraditional behavior, but it may be the best thing that's happened to steel in years." The *Wall Street Journal* agreed with *Fortune*.

1946-56, prices of finished steel products rose 112 percent, compared with a 46 percent increase on all commodities. 1946-60, the steel price increase totaled 150 percent, compared with 60 percent for all commodities.

The American industry contends foreign mills undersell domestic producers by about $40 a ton. But Kurt Orban, President of the American Institute for Imported Steel, offered the House Ways and Means Committee a list of "actual selling prices during the past four years," showing that price spreads had frequently shrunk in favor of the Americans, and that this year, "in no case did price differentials run as high as $40 per ton. In absolute figures they ran about half of that amount. It would take only a small price reduction," Orban argued, "to enable the domestic mills to compete effectively with imports," since they have the advantages of quicker delivery, better service and closer customer relations.

The industry argues that it should have greater quota or tariff protection, for reasons of national security. If imports continue to rise, the domestic industry in the 1970s might be smaller than it is now and so unable to meet the country's military requirements in wartime. The Department of Commerce and the Office of Emergency Planning are jointly entrusted with insuring that enough strategic materials are set aside for defense purposes. In 1967, they required that only six percent of domestic steel shipments be so earmarked – while the US was waging a major war.

Professor Adams of Michigan State University told the House committee: "The level of US steel price is uncompetitive not because of high labor costs, but because of an insensitive, monopolistic and suicidal pricing policy, on the one hand, and technological lethargy on the other."

Robert W. Dietsch

Mr. Dietsch is a staff writer covering finance for the Scripps-Howard Newspaper Alliance.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Defense Profits

Are They Declining or Rising?

Michael Miles

War is a seller's market. In times of "crash procurement," government purchasing officers must forego lengthy contract negotiations, scrupulous consideration of cost estimates, and the threat of an audit in order to get the goods fast. With a negotiating position of this kind, the seller will improve his profit profile. During World War II, when military procurement increased from negligible to some $100 billion, a regulatory commission managed to recover $11 billion in excess profits. The Renegotiation Board reclaimed some half a billion dollars of profits during the Korean war when procurement rose from $5 to $40 billion in two years.

When, in addition to the crash procurement during the Vietnam war ($27 to $45 billion in three years), the military aerospace corporations have the benefit of subsidized research and development, plant and equipment on loan from the Defense Department, legal and accounting staffs superior to their DoD counterparts, and a close relationship with these contract officers which is often transformed into identity through a job offer, it would seem the mean average of moderation to suppose that these corporations are maintaining a high and probably increasing level of profits. "To the contrary," Secretary of Defense Clark Clifford recently informed Sen. Richard Russell, "Department of Defense officials frequently have expressed concern with the steady decline in profit rates between 1956 and 1963." And for the last five years, Clifford said, the "limited data" available to him "show no improvement in realized profits."

The "limited data" consist chiefly of a study by the Logistics Management Institute, a military research organization whose board of directors is peopled by prominent military-industrial figures. In its analysis completed late last year, LMI concluded that military/aerospace corporations were making a low, low 2.4 percent on sales and a modest 6.9 percent on investment compared to 5 percent on sales and 10.8 percent on investment in their commercial business. A representative selection of chiefly commercial corporations made a more lucrative 5.5 percent on sales and 12.4 percent on investment. All this seems slightly alarming to DoD when it considers that military corporations made a respectable 10.2 percent on investment 10 years ago. Thus, profits on military contracts are declining absolutely and in proportion to profits on commercial business.

It is a doubtful result, considering the profit policy promulgated in 1964 in Armed Services Procurement Regulation 3-808: ". . . Effective national defense in a free enterprise economy requires that the best industrial capabilities be attracted to defense contracts. These capabilities will be driven away from the defense market if defense contracts are characterized by low profit opportunities. Consequently, negotiations aimed merely at reducing prices by reducing profits, with no realization of the function of profit, cannot be condoned." Furthermore: ". . . low average profit rates on defense contracts are detrimental to the public interest."

During the McNamara regime, the Defense Department de-emphasized cost plus fixed-fee contracts, which guaranteed corporations a percentage of profit, in favor of fixed-fee and various forms of incentive contracts. The firm fixed-fee contracts commit the corporation to fixed payments on costs from DoD, but for the greater risk, the contracts also offer higher profit margins (assuming the company can maintain its original cost estimates). These contracts now constitute over half of all defense procurement; cost-plus contracts are down to 10 percent. These modifications and other changes in procurement policies follow from the "cost reduction" program, the fundamental principle of which is that the reduction of costs for DoD is not only compatible with but facilitated by higher profits for efficient producers. This is the faith of the corporate technocracy of DoD.

The LMI study, however, has skewed the anticipated results of the cost reduction program, since profits have not risen although costs have presumably declined. Secretary Clifford fears that "unless such [profit] improvements do occur in the future" the department may be under pressure from the industry to revert to the old, cushy cost-plus contracts. Clifford also advised Sen. Russell, chairman of the Armed

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Services Committee, that "we cannot properly expect industry to accept greater risks, and to apply an ever larger share of their own financial resources to the performance of complex military undertakings, without a valid opportunity to obtain profit results commensurate with the lower cost to the government."

While Secretary Clifford contemplated the fate of a complex in decline, Murray Weidenbaum, professor of economics at Washington University, cast the question in an altogether different mold before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee. Weidenbaum, whose military-industrial papers – as a former Boeing economist and associate of the Stanford Research Institute – are in order, estimated in his June testimony that military industry's profit margin on sales was 2.6 percent, approximating the LMI figure. "However," Weidenbaum noted, "as a result of the large amounts of government-supplied capital, which are not reflected on the books of these companies, the defense contractors report a far higher ratio of capital turnover (dollars of sales per dollar of net worth)." In short, Weidenbaum calculated that industry's return on investment is a healthy 17.5 percent, only one percentage point lower than in the Korean era – the silver age of what is known in Washington as the "so-called" military/industrial complex.

Weidenbaum's estimate is vulnerable since his sample was small – only six corporations compared to 40 companies in the LMI sample. However, as Rep. Henry B. Gonzalez (D, Texas) noted in his virtual one-man congressional investigation of war profits, Weidenbaum bases his figures on the companies' annual reports while LMI relies on data voluntarily furnished.

The fundamental distinction between the Weidenbaum and LMI studies is their consideration of government-supplied capital. Since this capital is routinely employed for commercial as well as defense purposes, it is difficult to calculate the figures for costs incurred and capital employed between defense and commercial work. Weidenbaum outflanked the problem by selecting large corporations which did the overwhelming bulk of their business in military contracts. Thus, he may have succeeded in factoring out distortions arising from the allocation of government capital to commercial business.

In 1965 this government-supplied capital amounted to $7.2 billion. In subsequent years it has grown to almost $15 billion. On the request of the Joint Economic Committee, the General Accounting Office undertook an investigation of this material and found "weaknesses in the control of special tooling due to deficient inventory practices, the absence of financial controls, and the absence of a requirement for surveillance by government property administrators. In some instances, equipment was not even identified as government property or in the property records." Contractor companies are nominally required to pay rental fees for capital used in commercial production and to limit themselves to 25 percent utilization for non-defense work. However, the firms themselves keep the only utilization records, and a House Armed Services investigating subcommittee found this year that it was "unable to determine the usage of equipment at many contractor plants because most property accounting systems did not include utilization records."

Still, the problem to DoD is profit decline. In 1962, it established the "weighted guidelines" method of profit determination – a classic example of technical rationality in the service of corporate objectives. The purpose of the system was to ensure reasonable profit levels from DoD contracts and to establish objective standards which were also flexible enough to assign varying levels of profit under varying conditions. The contract officer was authorized to weight within a prescribed range three main profit factors – risk assumed under the type of contract, the performance record of the company, and its contributions in engineering, overhead, etc. In an investigation of the system for the House Appropriations Committee last year, the General Accounting Office found that weighted guidelines allowed contractors to be "rewarded indefinitely for the same achievement and to receive several increases in fee for the same accomplishment." Conceding that higher profit levels were justified for the greater risks assumed under firm fixed-price contracts, the GAO still determined that the system had resulted in an average increase in the profit rate of one percentage point. For the companies investigated in 1966, GAO found an average profit level of 9.7 percent, well above the 6.9 percent LMI figure and a rate *increase* of two percentage points over the average level for the years 1958-63. From its series of interviews with industry, LMI meanwhile has observed that military/aerospace corporations were incensed that many government negotiators persist in believing that "they are performing their jobs by reducing contractor's profits."

What is fundamental here is not only the negotiated profit rate but the reliability of what are formally estimated as costs. In the late 1950s, for example, Boeing attempted to charge the Defense Department for the costs of the design development and the prototype construction of the 707 commercial airliner. To protect the government against inflated cost estimates, Congress passed the Truth-in-Negotiations Act in 1962, which requires contractors to certify that their estimates are "accurate, complete, and current." After spot-checking more than 200 contracts, the Comptroller

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

General informed Congress last year that in only 20 cases was there adequate compliance with the law. It has been customary for contractors to certify the accuracy of their cost data without supplying the government with sufficient information to verify the certification. Contract officers are entitled to waive the law altogether if a contract is awarded on a supposedly competitive basis.

Sen. William Proxmire (D, Wis.) and Rep. William Minshall (R, Ohio) have introduced bills in the Senate and House to strengthen Truth-in-Negotiations with the legal provision for a post-award audit. These bills duplicate provisions in the Armed Services Procurement Regulation with the intent of applying pressure for their enforcement. It is standard procedure for Defense Department officials to blithely concede malpractice charged by Congress and to reply with New Regulations which somehow never affect the issue. The right to a post-award audit was earlier written into the ASPR, but a letter from the Defense Department assured the contractors that the audits would be for the "single purpose of determining whether or not defective cost or pricing data were submitted," and not for "evaluating profit-cost relationships" much less re-pricing contracts. If the cost contingencies cited (or invented) by the contractors did not materialize, so much the better for their balance sheets.

All that is certain about the profit margins of military/aerospace corporations is that they are unknown – particularly to DoD. Considering its assertion, however, that a decline in profits should result in decline in the attractiveness of military business, it is curious that Defense has not produced evidence of any desertion of defense contracts by corporations.

The military profits issue has meanwhile become audible on Capitol Hill because of the efforts of three men: Congressman Gonzalez, Sen. Proxmire, chairman of the Joint Economic Committee, and Admiral Hyman Rickover, director of the Navy's nuclear-propulsion program. Gonzalez, who is one of nine congressmen who voted against the renewal of Selective Service last year, has been able to save from extinction the Renegotiation Board, an independent agency which regulates excess profits by military/aerospace contractors. The industry, which nearly killed the board two years ago, was checked with the help of several Ohio congressmen on the Ways and Means Committee mobilized by a series of articles by Sanford Watzman in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*.

Although the Renegotiation Board has been effective within its means, it is not equipped, with its 200-odd employees, $2.5 million budget and limited authority, to regulate $45 billion in procurement, 40,000 purchasing officials, and huge corporations capparisoned with law and accounting firms. In the hope of improving practices within the Defense Department itself, Gonzalez, Rickover, and Proxmire have favored the establishment of uniform accounting standards in the computation of corporate costs. As distinguished from a uniform bookkeeping and accounting system for every company, which is not practical, uniform standards in the treatment of depreciation, R&D inventory, lease financing, and the like might prevent the inflation of cost estimates which is accomplished by the manipulation of variable "generally accepted accounting principles." Gonzalez and Proxmire succeeded in getting a "feasibility study" of uniform standards from Congress after some furious lobbying by industry associations. The industry frequently complains that it is being transformed into a "semi-nationalized" industry. The refrain is that "there is no more free enterprise." This is correct. "The reality," Admiral Rickover suggested before the House Banking and Currency Committee, "is that a new economic order is emerging, characterized by large industrial organizations that maintain a partnership between themselves and government."

Under these circumstances, there is a positive but also limited appeal to uniform accounting standards, Truth-in-Negotiations acts, and the sophisticated forms of contract competition which have been proposed in hearings before the Senate Antitrust and Monopoly subcommittee. These proposals may affect costs and profit rates, but they hardly suspend the "new economic order" which disposes costs to rise and profits to increase. A high level of profits and the momentum of the Defense establishment are problems that have to be treated together.

Since World War II, there has been a clear correlation between low levels of procurement and low levels of profit. The reduction of procurement automatically increases competition among corporations, which the DoD constantly endeavors to create by ersatz methods amidst a surfeit of military hardware. It was the relatively low procurement of 1961-64 which was probably the inspiration for the Department's concern over declining profits in the first place. Nothing would be so salutary for inflated profit levels and a militarized society than merciless reductions in the military budget. Highly-placed officials within the Pentagon itself are convinced that not only could the $30 billion annually spent for Vietnam be cut out but an additional $10 to $15 billion per year could also be eliminated without unduly tempting their Soviet military/industrial counterparts. But for reasons that have less to do with national defense than with domestic politics, a Pentagon official has estimated that the post-Vietnam budget could range as high as $80 billion – "twice the necessary budget."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I would not be a Nigerian. It is finished for me."

The Children Are Starving

by Alfred Friendly

Aba, Biafra

During most of the war, the Republic of Biafra has been linked to the world outside almost entirely by a fleet of ancient Super-Constellations, once numbering eight and since reduced by various mishaps to four, making lumbering 24-hour flights from Lisbon. The additional means of supply are negligible and in any event not available to visitors: some secret night flights of planes carrying munitions from Gabon, some motor traffic over bad roads from the Cameroons early in the war before Nigerian troops overran the lands of the eastern part of the secessionist state and, still to be developed, "mercy flights" of food and medicine on three planes operated by relief agencies.

The Connies, ordinarily carrying military supplies as their main cargo, usually leave Lisbon an hour or two after midnight, fly off the coast around the great bulge of Africa and refuel at Bissau, in Portuguese Guinea, which has a war of its own going on with rebels and Angolan and Mozambican guerrilla trainees in the interior. The Biafra-bound craft lie over in Bissau for a few hours, timing their departure to enter the Bight of Benin after dark. Either the Nigerian Migs are not equipped for night fighting or their Egyptian pilots have no stomach for it; so far none of the transports has been attacked. Once past the Western Region of Nigeria, the planes turn north, fly as high as possible not to tempt the guns of Nigerian blockade ships, and land at Ihiala, in the northwestern part of the area still under Biafran control.

The landing strip is a widened stretch of a paved highway, illuminated by oil flares. Once on the runway, the planes' wings extend over the cut bush on either side. Finding the spot demands expert navigation by dead reckoning.

ALFRED FRIENDLY, *Pulitzer Prize winner and associate editor of* The Washington Post, *is based in London.*

The cost of a round trip to the Biafran government is reported as $16,000, paid to a German-born entrepreneur in Lisbon named Hank Wharton who remains prudently noncommunicative about his business and his person. That the operation is run on a hand-to-mouth basis is clear: Flights have often been delayed for days at a time for lack of money to buy airplane fuel in Lisbon or Portuguese Sao Tomé, an island 300 miles south of the Nigerian coastline used as an alternative landing or supply loading spot. The crew members are said to get 12 to 15 hundred dollars per trip and clearly earn it. Most are American, with a scattering of Germans, Portuguese and others.

The plane that brought me to Biafra was on a special charter and carried no weapons. We came on the string of lights at Ihiala directly, made the gentlest of landings in a driving rain and rolled to a stop with runway to spare, to the passengers' vast relief. Struggling against the eccentric electric service of the ramshackle one-story buildings and sheds that made do as the airport, and disregarding the chronic downpour of the rainy season, a Holy Ghost Father in a mud-spattered white cotton soutane was on hand to supervise the offloading and sheltering of the crates. I calculated the cargo at about 30,000 portions of the proper daily protein intake for a child, a tiny drop in the bucket of Biafra's need. As matters are handled here, it probably was thinned out into four or five times that many servings. It was the last food shipment to arrive for twelve days.

The details of Biafra's famine, largely engendered by the flight of some millions of refugees from territories occupied by the advancing Nigerian army back into the central highlands still in Biafran hands, are all too visible, their numbers limited only by the time a visitor wants to spend in looking for them and by his capacity to bear the sight. Statistics pretending to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

precision can be rejected *a priori*. The least alarmist, terrible enough, come from British and American government officials, who guess that there are about six or seven million people in the heartland, of whom about two million are refugees. Biafra declares that 12 million of the 14 million people who it contends lived in the old Eastern Region before the war are now crowded into the heartland and that of these, four-and-one-half million are refugees. The estimate of the International Red Cross, which is as nearly accurate as one can hope for, is eight million people in the Biafra-controlled area, of whom about two million "are suffering very serious undernourishment."

There is no dispute that even in peacetime the present Biafran territory, landlocked and now blockaded, was far from self-sufficient in food production and that it is now isolated from the sources that made good the deficiencies. It brought in some part of its basic carbohydrate needs from Eastern Region areas now lost and a vastly greater proportion of its protein foods from there, from elsewhere in Nigeria and from abroad. Most of its beef came from herds driven down from Northern Nigeria; almost all of its fish came from the river mouths in the south or, dried and salted, from Europe; most of its poultry and eggs and a good part of its beans, which have relatively high protein, came from lands captured by the enemy.

Add to that the fact that even in normal times, now is the period of "The Hungry Months," when stores set aside after the last harvests in February regularly run low and the new harvests, beginning in September, have not yet been gathered. Representatives of international charities working in Biafra, such as the World Council of Churches and the Red Cross, guess that the weekly death rate is about 42,000.

For the moment, it is almost entirely the protein face of the famine that is visible. It is to be seen, for example, in the records of the Joint Hospital – it used to be the Queen Elizabeth – at Umuahia. They are kept by the medical director, Dr. W. C. Shepherd, with a tidiness that would be admired by any accountant in his native Scotland. In 1963, the ledger shows, the hospital admitted 12 cases of kwashiorkor, an almost simon-pure protein deficiency disease, and treated six more as out-patients. The figures for 1965 were 30 and 13 respectively. Total malnutrition cases of all varieties among both in- and out-patients were 442 in 1963 and 211 in 1965. Last year, with the beginning of the war in July, there were 993 cases of kwashiorkor alone.

Depending on daily clinic schedules, the hospital, Biafra's largest, treats from 700 to 900 out-patients a day. More than 90 percent are children; of these, from 80 to 90 percent suffer from malnutrition. By Dr. Shepherd's admission, they are shamelessly undertreated. Medicines are very short and until recently, when the Red Cross, World Council of Churches and Caritas Internationale (the Roman Catholic organization that has been supplying much of what relief has reached the secessionists) bought their own planes, the real medicine, protein food, was to be had only when the joint Protestant missions in Biafra, which run the hospital, could pry one of the Constellations loose from its munitions hauling and have it ferry sacks of dried milk from Lisbon or from stores in Fernando Poo or Sao Tomé.

Dr. Shepherd said his hospital "sees" – in these days it is a more accurate word than "treats" – and could admit, if it had the beds, more patients in one day than in an entire year before the war. On the day I visited him, he had handled a child one year old (it had been born in the hospital so that the age was accurately known) that weighed seven pounds, eleven ounces, or about what a normal infant should weigh at birth. The trouble, of course, was lack of protein. I saw examples, and things that struck me as even worse, on visits to several compounds in the bush. I made the first of several visits to the compounds in the company of Father Kevin Doheny, head of the Holy Ghost Fathers' mission and seminary at Okpala, a town in the center of Biafra. As he had forecast, the cases of the most terrible deprivation were among the refugee families. Although the government has set up camps for about 750,000 displaced persons, most of the two million (or four-and-one-half million, depending on whose figures you take) have returned to their native compounds or those of their relatives. And while the African extended family system is a marvelous substitute for the social security programs of more affluent nations, it has limits to what it can accomplish.

When we saw a child of yellowish complexion, edema in legs and scrotum, skin and mouth covered with lesions, belly distended, muscle tone gone and the hair above the forehead beginning to lighten in color, and announcing the onset of kwashiorkor, it usually turned out that the parents were refugees. So too with the babies that were match-stick figures, the skin stretched so tight across the rib cages as to make them look like tiny lusterless mummies. The most harrowing, though, were the three- and four-year-olds who, unlike their healthier companions, failed to scuttle in normal fright behind their mothers' skirts at the sight of the white strangers and the ogre eye of the camera.

Kwashiorkor, "the disease of the second baby," usually strikes when the older child is taken from the breast to make way for the new one and goes straight to the standard adult diet of carbohydrates from

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

yams, plantain, cassava, maize or whatever is the basic starch of the region. It is chronic in much of Africa and acute in some regions, but as Dr. Shepherd's figures show, it had been rare here.

In his white soutane, chronically soaked to a foot above his shoes, Father Doheny plunged through the compounds, picking out the parents of the children whose condition seemed most desperate, and instructing them to show up that evening at the seminary for a food ration. "Father Broderick will be angry at me," he said. "He is already turning away children in worse shape than these and we can only feed five hundred a day. But how can I not send these to him? It's a children's war, I'm afraid."

The opinion here is unanimous that the plight of refugees in the villages – the vast majority of all displaced persons, by whatever figures you take – is worse than that of those in the refugee camps. Possibly so, but the difference, if any, is heartbreakingly small. As usual, there are no statistics to judge from. My impression, from such camps as I have seen, is of a death rate of about one or two a week per three or four hundred people in the camps, and somewhat more in the villages. I visited one compound of 32 surviving inhabitants where there had been five deaths in a month.

Most of the 600 camps that the Biafran government claims to have set up are located on the property and in the buildings of what were secondary schools, the majority operated by missionary groups until the war put an end to schooling of every sort. The refugees live, sleep, prepare their food and in the current rainy season cook most of it on the cement floors of the schoolrooms, long rectangular concrete sheds with large but unglazed window openings and three or four feet of open space at the top of the walls below the corrugated iron roofs.

Most of the refugees are, of course, Ibo, the dominant ethnic group of Biafra, but half a dozen other tribal groups are also to be found – Oguni, Ibibio, Annang, etc. But whoever they are, their lot is miserably identical: two cups of garri – cassava meal – a day when the government can provide it, which is not always, and in some camps a cup of milk for the women and children. The inhabitants scrounge in the neighborhood for vegetables, mostly leaf plants and okra, and in some of the longer established camps they have started vegetable patches of their own on what were the schools' athletic fields. The vegetables are shredded, boiled and made into a kind of soup into which each diner dips his garri and then kneads it in his hand into moist balls.

A few of the refugees have found day-labor jobs in the neighborhood; a few others, indefatigable traders, have set up little stalls in the camps where they peddle a handful of peppers, a few peanuts or a cola nut or two. Most of them, though, huddle in little family groups and sit or sleep on woven palm-leaf mats, with no energy left over for anything beyond the obsessive task of surviving.

The big rooms in the erstwhile schools are surprisingly odorless, quiet – even the babies are listless criers – and terrifyingly without life or bustle. In intervals between the rains, the inhabitants stretch out on the concrete margins of the buildings under the overhangs or lie about on old school benches. I shall not attempt to describe their physical condition except to say that I saw several old men who looked precisely like the pictures that emerged after World War II of the corpses at Buchenwald and Dachau. Only the men I saw were, technically, still alive.

When I drove to the gates of one camp, a crowd of refugees was milling about the director. He was there investigating an episode he had just heard about: someone had killed a vulture, cooked it and was trying to sell the pieces. Vultures are going too far, but the government has exhorted its citizens to add to their protein consumption by eating snakes, lizards, white ants, grasshoppers, monkeys and dogs.

The devastating effects of the famine reveal themselves in the prices of the produce offered for sale at hundreds of small stalls and sheds on the roads. The following figures, showing prewar and present prices converted into dollar equivalents from Biafran pound amounts, should be read against an average workingman's daily wage of just $1 per day:

	Prewar	Present
Rice, one cup	$0.05	$0.28
Salt, one cup	0.04	2.50
Mutton, 1 lb.	1.00	6.00
1 chicken	0.70	5.60
1 doz. eggs	0.70	4.00
9 snails	0.07	2.25
1 cigarette	0.01	0.20
10 kippers	0.50	7.70

Even garri, the regional staple, has increased in price by a factor of four. A shilling, or fourteen cents, used to buy fifteen cups; it now buys four.

During the whole course of the war, nothing has been, nor remains, quite so disheartening as the Byzantine obstructions both sides have posed to relief shipments to the sick and starving inside Biafra.

On their part, the Nigerians have yet to promise safe passage to planes of the international charitable institutions which have amassed some two thousand tons of supplies on Fernando Poo and Sao Tomé, an hour or two away by air. If they dared fly by daylight, the aircraft could bring in enough to save for

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

some weeks, at least, hundreds of thousands of women, children and old people who otherwise will die. The Nigerians' asserted justification for their refusal, complicated but essentially sour and not persuasive, is that the federal government cannot assure itself that munitions will not be ferried in under the guise of relief and besides, the food and medicines might go to the Biafran fighting forces.

On the other side, it was not until late July that the Biafrans even acknowledged the need for overland corridors of supply, the only means for long-term and remotely adequate provision against mass starvation in the months to come. The stipulations they made, moreover, are manifestly unacceptable to Nigeria, in forbidding any Nigerian to come close to the supplies at any point on the route, even for inspection. The terms, indeed, give credible ground to the charge that the Biafrans are deliberately impeding an adequate relief flow, preferring instead to use the starvation of their people as a political gambit, hoping to induce a horrified world to pressure Nigeria to end the war.

To these accusations, the Biafrans reply, also with ample justification, that the hypocrisy is on the Nigerian side, that it is the Feds who really oppose the furnishing of relief. The Biafrans add, in an argument that is not entirely the poppycock that it seems to be, that any food coming into their state that has passed through Nigeria in such a way that Nigerians may have access to it will go unused because of fear that it has been poisoned.

American, British and of course Nigerian officials have hooted at the contention, pointing out that the shipments would be entirely under the supervision of the Red Cross or other reliable and neutral agencies, and that in any event, Biafra's chief of state, Lt. Col. C. Odumwegwu Ojukwu, and his government can believe no such nonsense. But the mass of Biafrans certainly do. Inasmuch as poisoning is the traditional and standard method in West Africa for doing in an enemy, Biafrans find it hard to believe that the Nigerians would *not* take the easy and *obvious* way to victory. A scattering of reports, accurate or fabricated, of poison in food and medicine smuggled across the battle lines into Biafra have confirmed the Biafrans in their convictions. An economist, with a master's degree from Syracuse, was one of many well-educated Biafrans who solemnly related the stories to me.

On one occasion, in a relatively prosperous compound between Aba and Umuahia, the two cities which together house the Biafran government offices, the chieftain mustered out his grandchildren, a dozen or so, for my inspection. Most were in pretty fair shape, but a boy and a girl, about six and eight respectively, were sickening sights. Suffering from skin lesions or scabies, they had been painted with black stain from foot to forehead by a local bush doctor. Their bodies were scabrous and peeling, their legs as spindly as those of the stool on which the patriarch sat. Speaking as authoritatively as I could, I pleaded with him to get some protein into the children. The headman called for a tin of Ovaltine that he had acquired to be brought out. For some reason, he thought it had been smuggled into Biafra, and was sure it had been poisoned. I could detect no sign of tampering, said so, and intensified my urgings that it be given to the youngsters. The old man listened politely, but I could see that he was utterly unconvinced.

On the flyleaf of one of his books, the Biafran novelist Cyprian Ekwenzi quotes an Ibo proverb: "Wrong-doing is a hill; everyone mounts his own and descries that of another." It is not given to a belligerent, even a novelist, in the middle of the war to weigh his and his enemy's cause with fine impartiality. Like all Ibos, Ekwenzi sees Biafra as having been utterly in the right – or so nearly so as to amount to the same thing – in the events over the years that led to its secession on May 30, 1966, and the other side as having been steeped in unrelieved villainy. Yet the roots of the conflict between the old Eastern Region, with its ruling Ibos on the one side, and the Yorubas of the Western Region and the Moslem Hausas of the North on the other, are ancient and fearfully tangled.

In the course of events, the Ibos, I believe, have been more sinned against than sinning. In the mas-

Reverence for Life

From Texas last week, the President announced moral support for starving Biafrans. "Feeding the starving and easing the suffering of civilian populations are the most basic obligations of common humanity," Mr. Johnson said, but "the political aspects of the problem obviously must be settled by the parties concerned with the help of their African neighbors." The International Committee of the Red Cross, standing ready to send relief has his support. The President's message, addressed to His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie spoke of our "thoughts and prayers." But we would not wish to intrude.

Before Johnson made his remarks, Senator McCarthy deplored "vain and futile gestures while human life is at stake" and supported an immediate airlift of food and medical help to blockaded Biafra. He'd go quickly to the UN with a proposal for a relief airlift. Were that to fail or be delayed, McCarthy said, the US should supply the airplanes, helicopters and supplies. "Political considerations have kept us from doing what is just and right."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

sacres in the North in September 1966, six to seven thousand were killed, according to Western diplomats' estimates (recently Lt. Col. Ojukwu raised the ante to 50,000). But the Ibos did a few dirty tricks themselves. Although they deny it with a passion approaching frenzy, it is hard to read the coup in January 1966 that overthrew the constitutional government of Sir Abubakar Tafawa Belewa, killing him and many others including the principal leader of the Northern Region, as anything other than Ibo-inspired and Ibo-executed. And in other ways, the Ibos gave Nigerians elsewhere ample reason to fear them, as much because of their virtues, perhaps, as because of their vices: their evident superiority in skill, energy and attainments, and their unconcealed conviction of their own superiority and their destiny to dominate. They claim to have been the most ardent in their desire for a unified Nigeria, which is true; but the Nigeria they envisioned was one that they would run.

When a series of negotiations with the federal government following the massacres ultimately failed, and when Biafra thereupon seceded and declared itself independent, it took a step that could not have had any consequence other than war. The Biafrans expected to win it and they now have lost. They attribute the result exclusively to the continued supply of arms to Nigeria from Britain. But they have only themselves to blame for entertaining the notion that Britain would terminate its traditional and contractual role of arms supplier to the established government, a member nation in good standing in the British Commonwealth, the moment they revolted.

But however vaunting their ambitions and however reckless their arrogance, they have paid a hundred times over in a terrible war. The Biafrans still believe there is succor for them, not militarily, to be sure, but from a "world conscience" which, aroused by the famine, will descend on Nigeria and force it to abandon its "wicked and aggressive" depredations, and from a sudden dawning realization by Lagos itself that the Biafrans have been right all along – or, more realistically, by a recognition in Lagos that the Nigerians cannot occupy Biafra successfully despite their military superiority.

The first notion does not seem to me likely. Most of the "world opinion" that is truly operative, that in the foreign ministries of Britain, the US and probably the Soviet Union, is against the Biafran cause; the utility of the French support is problematical.

The prospects of Lagos seeing the situation Biafra's way seem equally unlikely. Biafra insists on remaining independent and declares it will never, never, never, make a settlement entailing its reentry into Nigeria. "I will not answer, 'Nigeria'," is the folk way of putting it. The most in the way of a compromise that Biafran officials will hint at is the creation of a commonwealth of itself and Nigeria, or its component regions, but with each retaining absolute sovereignty and independence. But it is hard to suppose that Nigeria, on the verge of overwhelming military victory, is about to declare the other side winner. Events may happily prove me wrong, but I doubt it.

I say "happily" because I believe Biafra should remain independent, not for any of the reasons adduced by the Biafrans having to do with the merits of their pre-secession case. It is, rather, that I think the Ibos can no longer live inside Nigeria after what has transpired. I suspect that the only peace that a military occupation can enforce will be, in the circumstances, self-defeating, that it will be the peace of Cyprus under the British, Algeria under the French, Mexico under Maximillian. The hate and fear between the Ibos and the others, immense before the war, is now all-encompassing. It must poison, I would think, any future brew in which a re-mixture is attempted. The Biafran charge that Nigeria intends a policy of genocide for the Ibos is surely the consequence of the Ibo proclivity for hyperbole, but the Biafrans are convinced of it, from peasant to professor.

Chinua Achebe, another Ibo writer and in my opinion the best of the African novelists, put it this way in a recent conversation: "Secession was a decision we did not take lightly. We of all peoples in Nigeria worked most for a unified nation and most put our minds to it. The experiment was a bold one and worth trying. But it failed. There is no Nigerian nation. It does not behoove an American" – I had been arguing the danger of the balkanization of Africa if Biafra set the example – "to come to us and say that the principle of legitimacy must be preserved or that we will set the course for secession all over the continent. When a judge grants a woman a divorce on good cause, does that mean that every other wife will run to the court for a separation? Now, our survival, our life itself, is more important than territorial integrity.

"I was in Lagos, head of the federal broadcasting operation, when the massacres in the North began. Friends came to me to tell me my life was in danger. I could hardly believe them, but I went into hiding, thinking it all might blow over in a few days. It didn't, of course. Quite suddenly it occurred to me that I was living abroad; I was not at home.

"We thought we were in our own nation. We knew there were problems but we thought they were problems of growing up, problems that would be solved.

"Now I would not be a Nigerian. It is finished for me."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

News from the Novel

by Richard Gilman

To argue that the novel is dying or dead always seems to me to reveal a peculiar resentment over fiction's having a life of its own. Intellectuals are of course especially given to wishing to command the life of any art, to see to it that it yield up what it's expected to. And the novel, that form which reached its classic phase as "news," reports from imaginative beholders of society and men's communal activities, has through all its subsequent changes been asked by intellectuals to go on being a kind of arsenal of informational weapons, the aesthetic counterpart of the social sciences. Along with this it has been asked, by a somewhat different kind of mind, to continue providing us with overarching unitary schemes for existence and with narratives whose clear courses and decisive endings can atone for the discontinuous, unpurposeful careers of our own *romances*.

Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone
by James Baldwin
(Dial; $5.95)
I Am Mary Dunne
by Brian Moore
(Viking; $4.95)
Talk
by Linda Rosenkrantz
(Putnam; $4.95)
Gazapo
by Gustavo Sainz
translated by Hardie St. Martin
(Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $4.95)
A Personal Matter
by Kenzaburo Oë
translated by John Nathan
(Grove; $5.00)
Shoot It
by Paul Tyner
(Atlantic-Little Brown; $5.75)
The Pursuit of Happiness
by Thomas Rogers
(New American Library; $5.50)
The Universal Baseball Association, Inc., J. Henry Waugh, Prop.
by Robert Coover
(Random House; $4.95)

The novel is Balzacian, or Stendhalian, or Flaubertian, or Joyceian; it almost never is allowed to create its own justifications *at the moment* when new dispositions of its wide possibilities come into being. This is why certain French literary arguments always strike most American intellectuals as sterile and captious; they simply can't see, for example, why a writer like Robbe-Grillet or Michel Butor should be so insistent on his work being fiction, should condemn so strenuously the blindness to new forms, the endless measuring of old ones, which most critics as well as the public are caught up in. Let the work speak for itself, say these enemies of theory, who all the time rest their opinions, their very faculties of vision, on one or another theory of fiction drawn from the past. There's no *emotion* in these novels by the anti-novelists, almost every American critic has written; or there's no insight into society. And meanwhile the new emotions, the new insights rest in full sight, waiting for history to catch up.

The art of fiction will obey its own urgencies and lead its unpredictable life. If there are no masterpieces right now, then this is the time of the absence of masterpieces. If most novels are spurious, then this isn't anything more than a phenomenal disease of universal literacy. If novelists have problems, they're in part the problems that any art faces when it has gone on being what it always was supposed to be, in other words when it has been living off itself instead of off the world. And fiction, like every art, lives off the world by transforming it, adding to it, atoning for it, not by a businesslike transcription of actuality into another, presumably "higher" mode.

Novels go on being written, and a few of them from time to time renew and continue the art, while the rest merely reproduce it, or imitate it, or sadly borrow its name. Three or four thousand new novels are published every year in the US, the great majority of them by non-artists: commercial-minded fabricators, self-expressionists who want their dreams down on paper, noted economists with a yen to be "creative," ideologues who imagine that to "fictionalize" something lends it cachet and significance. Out of several dozen new novels I've read during the past few weeks, I want to talk about a small number which, for better or worse, have something to do with the problems, the temptations, the on-going life of the art.

In cultural time – that medium which resembles the unconscious Freud revealed to us – there is no law of progression, no continuous chronology, but a seething which throws up many things simultaneously, the old and the new, the half-old and the half-new, the discredited and the not yet justified. This kind of time is what makes it possible for a writer like James Baldwin, to begin with the best-known of my novelists, to produce a work of fiction whose spirit, method, and what we might call policy are entirely retrograde by any alert criterion of the contemporary. The cultural time in which his new novel has been composed is ruled by laws, values, pressures and intuitions that were active some *real* time ago and, what's more, had no impressive status even then.

It's a commonplace to say that Baldwin has always been a markedly sonorous, even orotund novelist, whose rhythms and dictions betray their origins in the fundamentalist, storefront religious style of exhortation and celebration in whose atmosphere he spent much of his childhood. This is often seen to account for his power, but also for what many critics agree on: that he is a better essayist than writer of fiction. The point, I think, is that the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

kinds of emotions and intellectual sensitivities which go to make up Baldwin's experience of the world are material for a prophetic action of a quite different sort from the prophecies of fiction.

When it is wholly itself as art, fiction constitutes prophecy of an impersonal and *patient* kind, prophecy by indirection, the prefiguring of what had not been possible to imagine before; the shape, the form, is the prophecy itself. The prophecies Baldwin seems most at home with are those of the religious or ethical mind, the mind that, whatever else it does, draws from what already exists, from established values, ones that are threatened, or being disregarded, or not yet implemented. When such a mind can draw on the species of large, public, historically outraged condition such as Baldwin possesses in being Negro, the prophetic energy can be extraordinarily right and effective. When, however, the urgencies of this mode of prophecy are transferred to fiction, with its obligation to discover new language and unheard of images, to construct a new form, the risk of aesthetic irrelevance – or worse – is very great.

Baldwin's new novel makes this immediately clear in the very name he chooses for his protagonist. Leo Proudhammer, a name in whose wake must inevitably follow a series of expectations about indomitability of spirit, battles with the world, trials, temptations, victories and visions, is a famous Negro actor who at thirty-nine suffers a serious heart attack which forces him to stop and take stock of himself. Composed mostly in flashback, the novel follows Proudhammer through a bitter Harlem childhood, the birth of ambition toward the stage, a long love affair with a white actress, a homosexual love alongside that, the beginning of political awareness, a step toward identification with his people's new militancy.

A half-dozen themes, none of which is realized, none brought to any conclusion in the imagination, they exist almost as mutually exclusive, as though in setting out to do a big, complex, invented life Baldwin had been unable to find a principle of coherence for its parts. Actually, what he hasn't found has nothing to do with how well or how poorly he's imagined his character, who after all can be *anything* at all; what is missing is any sense of artistic inevitability, any conviction that things have to be this way and no other, that one scene prepares the next, one image its successor, one emphasis of language its corollary or alternative. The events of the life, the protagonist's invented or appropriated life, are supposed to make for truth or beauty, *in themselves;* which is to do away with the art-making power.

Yet Baldwin, in trying to justify and make known a life, a composite of his own and other autobiographies, is continually calling on literature, that sanctified source of justification. The extent of his unoriginality coupled with such sober rectitude of purpose, his perpetual falling into traps set by previous fiction of an earnest, loftily sentimental kind (Rolland's *Jean Christophe* would seem to be one prototype) is extremely disheartening.

His chief problem is that he cannot find a rhetoric that isn't dictated by what is expected, in *literature*, from the particular theme, or fictional situation, or drama. Thus, in writing about his hero's childhood and wishing to establish the gulf between the boy's father's pride and his sons' knowledge of his abjection, he falls into an overblown prose whose tropes exist as nothing but extravagant archaisms:

> "In the stifling room of his pretensions and expectations, we stumbled wretchedly about, stubbing our toes, as it were, on rubies, scraping our shins on golden caskets, bringing down, with a childish cry, the splendid purple tapestry on which, in pounding gold and scarlet, our destinies and inheritance were figured."

When he wants to be grave and philosophical about his hero's deepest human connections, he writes sententiously and obviously:

> "Everyone wishes to be loved, but in the event, nearly no one can bear it. Everyone desires love but finds it impossible to believe that he deserves it. However great the private disasters to which love may lead,

Demagogue?
grass roots prophet?
full-blooded reincarnation of Huey Long?

With superb skill Marshall Frady has etched the most powerful personal close-up of an American maverick on the make since Robert Penn Warren's **All the King's Men.** But George C. Wallace is not fiction. In this crucial political year, the story of his rise and his plans for the nation is a chilling reminder that anything can happen in a democracy —including the unthinkable.

WALLACE
Marshall Frady

An NAL Book $5.95 at bookstores

WORLD PUBLISHING
TIMES MIRROR
New York and Cleveland

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

love itself is strikingly and mysteriously impersonal. . . ."

Or with pretentious obviousness:

". . . if one can live with one's own pain, then one respects the pain of others, and so, briefly, but transcendentally ["transcendently" is surely meant], we can release each other from pain."

To confer *significance* on characters and events his style continually borrows from a "poetic" and pseudo-metaphysical rhetoric:

"She caused one to think, I don't know why, of sorrow and fragility; she caused one to think of time. Her splendor seemed extorted, ruthlessly, from time, and she wore her splendor in that knowledge, and with that respect, and also with that scarcely perceptible trembling."

And he is never able to veer away from such temptations as these: "his silence created a great wound in the universe"; "children erupted, like beautiful, doomed flowers"; "a terrible wonder" came over somebody.

The point about such writing is that it isn't incidental, a matter of some sort of inexact or flawed surface beneath which the *true*, commendable fiction shapes itself; nothing reveals itself in fiction except through the language, its details and its structure, and what reveals itself here is an earnest, literary desire, a novel being made from an idea of fiction, or rather from an ill-assorted series of such ideas.

Brian Moore writes much better than Baldwin, writes quite well indeed, if to write well means to keep from making any egregious blunders. But Moore's workmanlike novels have never interested me, just because that adjective is so right and inescapable: the workmanlike may be what we want in practical affairs – TV repairing, tree-pruning – but in the cruel economy of art it testifies to the familiar, the predictable, the dispensable. What's more, the kind of artisanship a competent novelist like Moore displays seems to me, at some crucial level of value, the enemy of true adventurousness in art, of that risk-taking in imagination and craft which may result in our being told what we didn't know before.

Moore's new novel, like several of his previous ones, deals with the interior life of a woman, this one considerably younger than he usually describes. At thirty-two Mary Laverty looks back on three marriages and two divorces, finds herself morally and psychically at sea and struggles against the erosion of identity such confusion can bring about. The book covers a single day in her comfortable East Side life and, like Baldwin's book, is fashioned largely in flashback. At its conclusion nothing much has happened. The heroine has summoned up her troubled past and is clinging now to her first and only indestructible identity, that of Mary Dunne, her maiden name; and we are meant, it seems clear, to carry away an awareness of pain, pathos, the fragility of self-knowledge and the violence time does to every effort at integrity.

But we also carry away a feeling of having been rather gulled, of having been taken in (for Moore is never boring) by a work which is very much on the safe side, one whose moral investigations are much more rhetorical than substantive and whose central procedures are much more artful than artistic. Moore's prose is never damp or lax or excessive; at its best it results in frequent accuracy of minor observation (he is very good on the dramas of cab-taking, eating in expensive restaurants, etc.), in pleasant rhythms and unexceptionable arrangements of narrative weight and stress. But at its worst, or rather at its most habitual, it just manages to rise above superior ladies' magazine fiction. This is a matter both of rhythm:

". . . and it was so liberating to laugh again, to laugh as we once laughed, long ago when we were young and silly, when simple things were funny, when life was ordinary

"**QUITE SIMPLY** our best film critic, one of the very small company of first-rate critics the art of film has produced anywhere, at any time."
—Saul Maloff, Chicago Sun-Times Book Week

"**THE MOST** interesting, invigorating film critic around and one of the most valuable social and cultural commentators that we have."
—Eliot Fremont-Smith, N. Y. Times

PAULINE KAEL
Kiss Kiss Bang Bang

$7.95 Atlantic-Little, Brown

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and often dull. When I was Mary Dunne."

And of rhetoric:

". . . and that was how I met Terence. That was something. I can't explain it, but we met again the next day, and then every day I took the train to town to be with him, sometimes even staying overnight in his apartment on the Lower East Side. Which was foolish and dangerous, of course, but how can I explain it, I was living in a state of elation, waking up in excitement every morning, finding myself smiling in the street when I thought of Terence and me, hating to go to sleep, feeling there never was, never would be a time like this, that New York was the greatest city, that, oh, that I had no nerves anymore. For the first time in my life I was happy.

I spoke before of fiction that tells us what we already know. The function of what we call ladies' magazine fiction is to reinforce existing consciousness, put glosses on available emotion, make into new comfortable myth what has been derived, more than we are ever conscious, from the literary past. If Moore's fiction doesn't quite contribute to that, if his novels are sharper and more personal and more serious, they nevertheless are compromised, they participate too fully in an ambiance of predictability, of narration-as-before, to make any irresistible claims on our attention. Any novel as filled as this one is with "Please God!" and "Dear God, let me forget!" isn't ever going to sound like the latest, the otherwise unobtainable news.

At the end of a *soi-disant* novel by Linda Rosenkrantz called *Talk*, a series of New Schoolish conversations among the author and two friends which Miss Rosenkrantz has taped and arranged as fiction, there occurs a useful phrase. I am grateful to Miss Rosenkrantz for providing me with it, though for nothing else in her sad attempt to make "reality" stand in for fiction's invented talk. The phrase is "the avoidance of essence," which Miss R. uses to describe her literary impulse and method.

Though she hasn't done anything interesting by subscribing to this notion, other writers have, and in fact it touches on one central way in which novelists are going about their business these days. This avoidance, this decision not to try to deal with the core of things, to abandon as no longer coherent with the novel's purposes or possibilities the impulse toward what Robbe-Grillet has called literary "speleology" – expeditions into the depths in search of some "fundamental" truth – is characteristic of much present fiction which, for better or worse, has left behind the older forms of seriousness, and dropped the hand-to-hand combat with the world.

It's a matter of observation, not theory, to say that fiction has found it increasingly difficult to base itself on the significance of emotions, attitudes, life values, ideas about society, all the things we thought the novel had been perfected to deal with. There are fewer and fewer *données* in its operation, and there are shrinking starting-points. We don't trust our experience anymore, so why should fiction trust it? Yet the situation is, I think, not at all hopeless, it doesn't mean the death of the novel. For if it can't be fiction's business to explore and colonize a realm of essential meaning, inhering secretly in the folds of our experience and of a *higher* order than what we ordinarily know, then the novel can be on the way to recovering its own significance as an invention, something out of the air, a series of inimitable ways of looking at things.

There hasn't yet been any major technical revolution, this particular new spirit in the novel being so far rather more a matter of jettisoning old cargoes than of building new boats. And there are obvious connections with a preceding phase of anti-heroic writing. Yet in their cool, oblique, astringent way, with their basis in a sensibility for which sanctified experiences are all suspect and novels about sanctified experiences are all useless, these books are beginning to do something new, something beyond black humor or recent pop fiction.

The signs of life come from every where. *Gazapo*, a first novel by a young Mexican named Gustavo Sainz, is perhaps the most technically intricate of the new novels I've read, but it isn't really very far out. Employing a technique heavily influenced, I suspect, by his fellow Latin Americans, Carlos Fuentes and Julio Cortazar, a technique incorporating rearrangements of time, multiple perspectives on a single action and deliberate blurring of causal and narrative connections, Sainz constructs a week in the lives of a band of teenagers in Mexico City. They are people who talk, trust almost nothing, are self-dramatizers and, above all, are almost entirely cut off from the world of inherited values.

Yet the book isn't a sociological treatise, nor is it in any case interesting to be told that the young in Mexico, like many of our own, are disenchanted and intent on forming themselves *ab ovo*. This is the kind of information we can get elsewhere. What is interesting is that a novelist's imagination is working from the egg, from the fertile matrix of a new way of looking at things. Throughout the events of

Christmas Cards

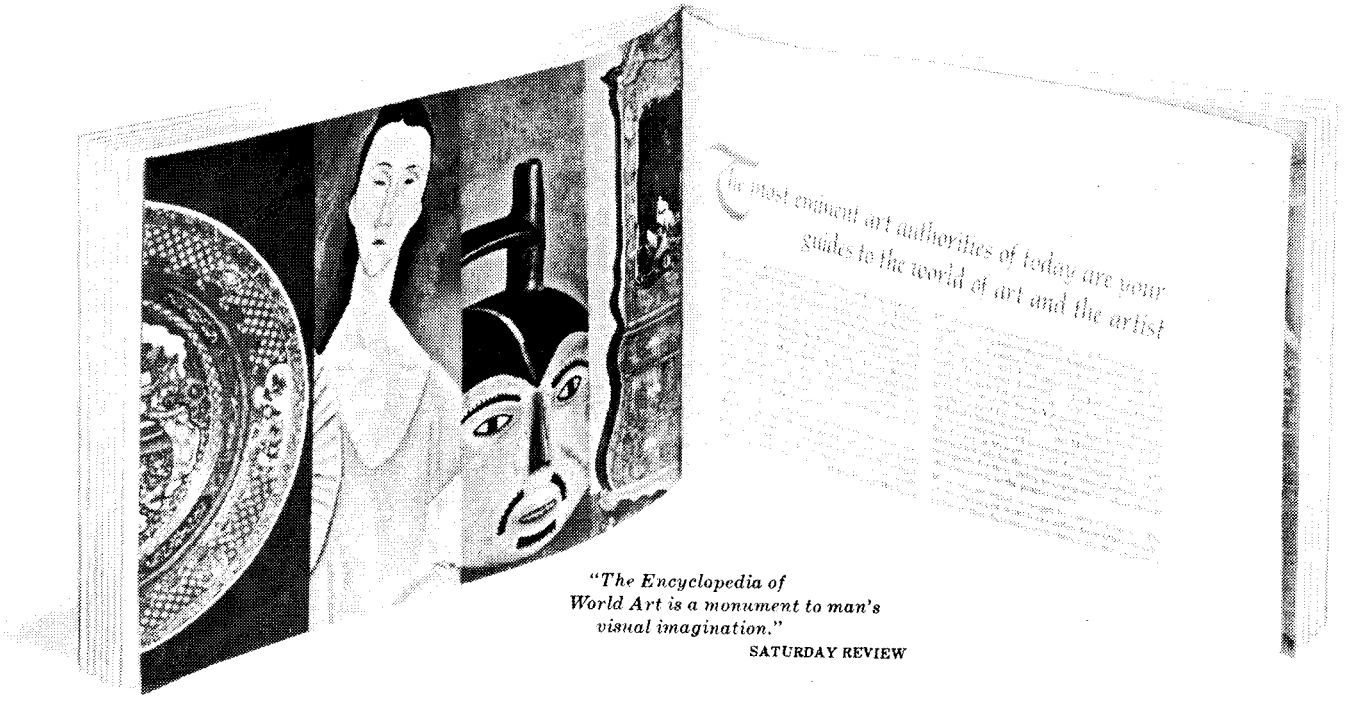
The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards – Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the sixty designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue—which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed September first.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art
255 Gracie Station, New York 10028
Please send me the Museum's new catalogue of Christmas cards, 25 cents enclosed L4
*Name*_____
*Address*_____
_____ ZIP_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Encyclopedia of World Art

is a treasured possession for a relatively few persons who share a deep interest in the visual arts If you count yourself within this select group, send for a complimentary copy of our 20-page Prospectus.



"The Encyclopedia of World Art is a monument to man's visual imagination."
SATURDAY REVIEW

The Encyclopedia of World Art embraces, in 15 volumes of surpassing beauty, all of man's greatest achievements in the visual arts through the centuries. It has fully 7,000 full-page plates, and hundreds of illuminating essays by the foremost art authorities of our time. The prospectus above gives you full details of this incomparable art library and the special budget plan available to Subscribers. For your copy, simply mail the attached card.

McGRAW-HILL BOOK COMPANY, 330 WEST 42 ST., NEW YORK, N.Y. 10036

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the week – flirtations, seductions, fights – what is made to carry the fictional reality isn't experience as such, what *happens*, but what doesn't, what is invented to convey the impression that something has happened. Thus Sainz tells his story by means of letters, telephone calls, tape recordings, diaries, all the paraphernalia of the rumor and *a posteriori* impression of experience.

This of course is reminiscent of Gogo's line in *Godot*, "We always find something to give us the impression we exist," and of *Krapp's Last Tape*. The influence of Beckett is strong on many of these writers, but not, I think, so much technically as spiritually, which, considering Beckett's mighty, narrow, inimitable and seemingly final verbal artifices, is rather to the good. Sainz, anyway, his eye on all false claims of meaning, has made his circular narrative yield up a structure to contain a sense of what meaning is in our lives, how difficult it is to appropriate it, how "communication" itself resembles a set of excuses for not knowing what is meant. It's a slight structure, but an impressive one.

A Personal Matter, a novel by Kenzaburo Oë, the first to be translated into English by this thirty-three-year-old writer who has attained remarkable success in Japan as a spokesman for the younger generation (a six-volume set of his complete essays and fiction recently sold over 900,000 copies), is considerably more straightforward in its procedures, but it, too, is informed by a spirit of rejection of the novel as battleground, as crucible of higher meaning. At least, it's so informed for nine-tenths of the way, or until Oë caves in before certain pressures one can only guess at.

"THE TRUTH IS *that the Supreme Court has been a political as well as judicial body ever since John Marshall, and has become more thoroughly politicalized under Earl Warren than ever before in its history. The Court, having assumed the power to legislate, to administer and to define social goals, should not be exempt from the political process. The Senate should exercise its role frankly and vigorously.*"

For a free copy of Wm. F. Buckley's NATIONAL REVIEW, write: Dept. C, 150 E. 35 Street, N.Y. 10016.

His protagonist, known only by his nickname of Bird, is a twenty-seven-year-old teacher of American literature whose wife has given birth to what appears to be a deformed baby. A dreamer (he continually imagines himself exploring Africa), an escapee from responsibility, he finds himself indifferent to all social, political, moral or marital claims, wants to get rid of the baby, sleeps with an old girlfriend while his wife's in the hospital, and longs to "leap away into another universe," to "get out of the game," like a poker player with a bad run.

After ducking and dodging through most of the book, a comic, painful, wayward, slippery character, Bird ultimately, and quite unconvincingly, capitulates to his circumstances and responsibilities, including the child (who turns out to be not so deformed). What has been a strong, nervous dream of living *outside*, following, to your destruction if necessary, your refusal of values you didn't originate, is now changed into a novel of reasonableness, of moral pedagogy, like so many others. For all his popularity, Oë has, it seems, been attacked in Japan for his negativism and his Western-influenced style, full of colloquialisms, literary and cultural allusions ("I felt the baby had been wounded in the head on a battlefield, like Apollinaire") and irreverence toward classical Japanese notions of literary beauty. I suspect, though, that for Japanese critics as well as American, pessimism in "content" is always indissolubly linked with irreverence and chance-taking in style, so that what I've called Oë's capitulation in this book is only a half-measure.

That is to say, the style remains advanced – unaccommodating, sinewy, elliptical – even when the form has had a hole punched in it. Still, I wish Oë had stuck to his guns, gone to the end of his vision: that of the ontological felon, the abdicator from organized meaning, the jumpy, evasive, self-justifying and self-condemning creature of an imagination which knows in its depths that novelistic truth is a matter of taking experience and erecting it into a new, unrationalized, free and unaccountable form.

Two recent first novels by Americans are squarely in the center of the developments I've been describing. Both are quiet, understated, "negative"; both describe and also sympathize with a refusal to accept the traditional meaningfulness of the given world, although neither shapes, as an earlier avant-garde fiction did, images of chaos or rebellion. For what these two novels do is to employ, as what we might call their vivifying pretexts, the methods and accoutrements of the conventional novel of character, conflict and denouement, in the service now of very different kinds of tales. Fables about anomie, fictional autobiographies of those who have not been able to *buy* the world as it's been proffered to them, the two books are really about the experience of experience rather than celebrations or explorations of any of its particulars or dimensions.

The more ambitious though less successful of the two is Paul Tyner's *Shoot It*. Tyner's protagonist is a 23-year-old policeman named Herby Rucker whose relationships are like glancing encounters in the dark, whose sense of self is not so much deficient as of a strange new order of thought and feeling in which the ego feels no connection with what is supposed to support it or give it definition. Tough, sentimental, cocksure and beleaguered in no discernible psychic pattern, Rucker has his being in what might be called the world *that has been described*, the world we therefore take for granted; that is to say, his actions resemble those of other men but have no center of personal, assured life.

At some point in his odyssey of simulation Rucker surprises a burglar, a Negro, in an alley and without provocation shoots him:

> ". . . Mark S. Johnson happened for some reason to smile at Herby, who happened for some reason to put a bullet through the big black grinning head and who for some reason was utterly convinced that he had finally accomplished something."

From then on the novel becomes a suspense story on several levels: that of the question of whether Rucker will be brought to trial and, more interestingly, of his own response to what he's

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

done. In a kind of reversal of Raskolnikov's being monstrously cut off from humanity by his crime, Rucker feels liberated and goes even further into isolation. Paralyzed by an auto accident he has really arranged for himself, in a cast up to his face, unable to communicate except by tapping, he has reached the flowering of his condition; no one can harm or help him now, no one's values can operate in place of the ones he was never able to make into serious proposals for himself.

Tyner's novel is no moral or sociological tale; it is, as I've said, about the experience of experience, about how it feels to have to act, speak, think, make judgments, the material for which has come, much more than we know, from others, from *their* descriptions of these things. The book is narrow and flawed: the entire accident and the denouement seem rather contrived, melodrama in place of internal discovery; the writing never quite matches the promise of its ideas. But it holds up and is a novel, an odd original vision, uncoerced and something we haven't been told before.

Thomas Rogers' *The Pursuit of Happiness* is also about a crime and about the inability to feel what one is supposed to feel. When William Popper, a well-to-do young graduate student at the University of Chicago, kills a woman with his car in an accident he might have prevented – "I should have honked, but I hate honking at people" – he is drawn into the meshes of moral and legal machinery whose workings he was unprepared for. He is expected to feel sorrow and contrition. " 'This is a very sad thing'," his lawyer tells him, " 'I'm sure you're deeply grieved'." " 'I don't feel anything much right now,' said William. 'I'm sure you're deeply grieved,' said Mr. Lawrence firmly. The full red lips pressed together in a single line."

Largely because of his inability to put on the right, concerned face before the judge, William is convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to a year in the penitentiary. There he feels himself "imprisoned by a chain of circumstances more durable than the walls that surrounded him. If he could only

control over life!" Seeing his chance, he simply walks out one day, rejoins his lover, a Jewish girl with whom he had planned, as she says, "to do something . . . to make the world better," gets money from his rich grandmother and flees with his girl to Mexico.

Still unmarried, the two live by the sea and await the birth of their child. William's aunt comes to visit them and tells him that the family has pulled strings to get his likely new sentence of five years reduced:

" 'You wouldn't have to spend more than another thirty months in prison.'
'And why should I spend any time in prison?'
'In order to live in your own country again.'
'And why should I live there?'
'It's where you belong.'
'I don't feel that'."

A sort of witty, understated, philosophically uncomplicated Americanization of Camus' *The Stranger*, Rogers' novel is written with an economy that almost never loses hold (the few times it does have mostly to do with the eccentric, rather stock-figurish grandmother), a wry, deft humor that is very rare in present American fiction. If it's almost too bare, too wry, this may be a price it pays for avoiding temptations: to be an indictment of American society, to poke around in moral corners, to be a "portrait" of today's youth. The book is a portrait of a possible world, thin air, empty landscapes, no maps. Without being a major work of fictional art, it's admirable and pleasing, a fable that at its root carries the gentle [illegible] cation

[illegible] erica

[illegible]

s
m
ar
tu

mounts a considerably more complex and detailed counter-reality, a more thoroughgoing fiction. Something short of a wholly realized and impregnable work, it's nevertheless the most impressive novel I've read lately, the most exciting, to use that beleaguered word in its primary dictionary definition: to "call to activity."

What this novel summons to action is our sense – which fiction always hopefully tries to address – of the possible substitution of one world for another, of the way reality implies alternatives, is marked by a strange, *fixed* quality of indecisiveness. The world needn't be as it is: such is what every fiction begins with, and whether it ends in slack or gross illusion or in illusion that takes its place as new reality, the starting-point is the same. Coover's novel makes actuality yield up its equal.

His protagonist is a fiftyish accountant who makes up the world, in the form of a baseball game he's invented, played with dice and intricately devised to allow for every contingency. "Real baseball bored him," but his game allows him to invent people – the personnel of his eight-team league – ("name a man and you make him what he is") and history – more than fifty seasons have been played and recorded. The specific games are essential, since you have to have scores, statistics, records, but these are, finally, only the ground for "the immortal lust for pattern and sentiment" which, by analogy, also rules that "higher" sport, life itself.

The game is governed by chance, hedged about by "fact" – players with better records have the odds somewhat in their favor – and Waugh has presided over this world of chance with a creator's calm dignity. But one day a roll of the dice brings about the rarest of events: a great young pitcher who has just tossed a perfect game is "killed" by a batted ball. Stricken, dismayed, Waugh struggles desperately to avoid the disaster. Yet "even though he'd set his own rules, his own limits, and though he could change them whenever he wished, nevertheless he and his players were committed to the turns of the mindless and unpredictable –one might even say, irresponsible – dice. That was how it was. He had to

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

accept it or quit the game altogether."

He goes on, in great perturbation, trying to invent something to restore his interest after the cruel death – political and philosophical crises in the league, some kind of memorial to the dead pitcher. The book is more and more taken over by the "players," who pass from his thinking about them to their own life in the novel, their own narrative, as characters for whom Waugh is the novelist in the same way that Coover is his. As the book moves to its close Waugh drops entirely out of sight and the players, those now of a future a hundred years further on, are seen engaging in what has become the annual ritual game reenacting Damon's death; the condition that has given them "life" in the first place is secured: fantasy, invention, the world-substituted-for, the only abiding reality. The book ends with a young catcher, troubled by the impersonation he's been asked to make in the ritual game, being restored to confidence, in his own "life," in his place within the life of the book, this world which, for Waugh, for Coover and for us, is what we invent to atone for the chance, the pain, the slipshod, uncontrollable history of the real one:

"And he doesn't know any more whether he's a Damonite or a Caseyite . . . doesn't even know if he's Paul Trench or Royce Ingram . . . it's all irrelevant, it doesn't even matter that he's going to die, all that counts is that he is *here* and here's The Man and here's the boys and there's the crowd, the sun, the noise.

'It's not a trial,' says Damon . . . 'it's not even a lesson. It's just what it is.' . . . Damon holds the baseball up between them. It is hard and white and alive in the sun.

He laughs. It's beautiful, that ball. He punches Damon lightly in the ribs with his mitt. 'Hang loose,' he says, and pulling down his mask, trots back behind home plate."

I said before that the novel isn't impregnable. I don't think its saturation in baseball lore need keep anyone away, any more than not knowing about whaling keeps us from Melville. On the contrary, the book's chief weakness seems to me that it tries to make too much of its counter-world; by putting a great deal of emphasis on political and philosophical divisions within the league, Coover tries to convert his character's invention into a total analogy with the "real" world, to make a baseball league into something like a United Nations. The book doesn't need such strained, allegorical elements. When it's being wholly its best inspiration, when the game is functioning as the invented world, complete in its rules, its chance, its history of "all dying men" who strive, play, have their deeds recorded, there's a sufficiency. A book "about" baseball is then really about everything else.

INTEGRATED HOUSING AS AN INVESTMENT

M-REIT MUTUAL REAL ESTATE INVESTMENT TRUST

Objective: to invest in income-producing real estate in good neighborhoods and offer housing to all.

▶ Send for free prospectus.

Morris Milgram Dept. NR
Mutual Real Estate Investment Trust
30 East 42 St., New York 10017

Name_____

Address_____

_____ Zip____

This advertisement is not an offer to or a solicitation of an offer to buy t securities. The offering is made onl prospectus.

The Rage around Us

by Robert Coles

The authors of *Black Rage* are themselves black and quite familiar with all that leads to rage. They are psychiatrists from San Francisco, and they have written a somber and unsparing book that I found very hard to finish. Toward the end I came across a passage that made me realize how successful in their own terms – they have been:

Black Rage
by William H. Grier and
Price M. Cobbs
(Basic Books; $5.95)

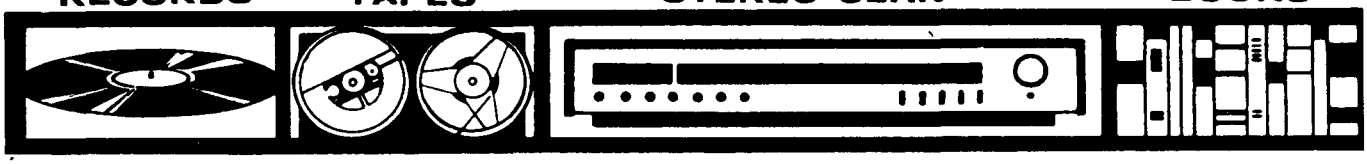
In a sense, then, the two doctors have knowingly abandoned their own profession. Psychiatrists ordinarily don't want to make people feel sad and gloomy. They don't go after reasonably unbothered and hopeful people – the mostly white, middle-class men and women who will read this book – to cause them pain and discomfort, and, of all things, shame or a sense of guilt. Guilt is what we're not supposed to have. Guilt is "bad" for the child, for the teen-ager, for anyone. And guilt can lead to depression, which is a clinical problem and one that can eventually become a matter of life or death.

But Drs. Grier and Cobbs feel that America is in great trouble, up against a racial problem that could well mean the end of *its* life – as a reasonably stable democracy. They make no effort – thank God – to transfer medical and psychiatric concepts like "sick" or "pathological" to American social and political life. They judge their country on ethical grounds. Having looked at our history as it has been lived by black people for three centuries, their conclusion, written in 1968, fourteen years after 1954, is not at all favorable. So, as men and as citizens, they

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

uniCLUB saves you more on more of what you want!

RECORDS TAPES STEREO GEAR BOOKS



THESE 10 FACTS ADD UP TO 10 REASONS TO JOIN uniCLUB NOW!

FACT 1—CHOICE—EVERY RECORD, TAPE, BOOK IN U.S.A.
uniCLUB has all the labels. All of them. No exceptions. Choose any LP or tape on over 350 different labels. Capitol • Columbia • RCA • Angel • DGG • Folkways • Mercury • London—to name just a few. Your selection is absolutely unlimited. Every LP and tape available in the U.S.A.

FACT 2—SAVINGS—HUGE! COMPARE UNICLUB PRICES
You save a minimum of 35% on LP's; ⅓ on tapes; 25% on books except texts. No guesswork about it—the prices are shown below.

	List	Through uniCLUB	You Save
ALBUMS	$1.98	1.35	.63
	2.98	1.95	1.03
	3.79	2.49	1.30
	4.79	3.09	1.70
	5.79	3.79	2.00
TAPES	5.98	3.99	1.99
	6.98	4.65	2.33
	7.98	5.35	2.63
	8.98	5.99	2.99
	9.98	6.65	3.33
BOOKS	4.95	3.75	1.20
	5.95	4.50	1.45
	6.95	5.25	1.70
	7.95	5.95	2.00

FACT 3—REQUIREMENTS—NONE!
There is no requirement to buy anything until you wish. And you'll **never** get a record, tape or book until **you** order it.

FACT 4—COST TO JOIN—$5
$5 covers LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in uniCLUB. There are **no** dues and **no** annual fees. There is **never** another fee although benefits are increasing all the time.

FACT 5—QUALITY—GUARANTEED PERFECT
You receive only factory-sealed brand new albums, tapes and books. You are guaranteed satisfaction with the quality of all purchases. A defective album or tape is always returnable at Club expense. Books are first quality original publishers' editions only.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE
If after receiving your uniCLUB materials you aren't convinced we meant what we said—that uniCLUB membership offers more Club for the money—or if you've simply changed your mind, tell us within 30 days and your money will be fully refunded at once.

GIFT MEMBERSHIPS
Save even on your enrollment. $2.50 brings full privileges for life to friends, relatives and neighbors. Splitting the cost with one person brings cost down to $3.75 each, with four others, cost is only $3.00 apiece.

SPECIALS!

YOU CAN SAVE ON RIGHT NOW!

Every MGM popular, jazz or classical LP:
List $5.79 – Just $2.99
List $4.79 – Just $2.49
List $3.79 – Just $1.99
DGG entire catalog, mono & stereo: List $5.79 – Only $3 per disc.
High-Fidelity Special – The new Garrard Synchro-Lab SL95:
List $129.50 – Club Special $83.00

FACT 6—ORDERING—MADE EASY AND CONVENIENT
A FREE Schwann catalog is sent upon joining. It lists over 30,000 LP's—every LP available on every label. No guesswork here either. The records you want you'll find under "Classical," "Popular," "Opera," "Folk," "Jazz," "Original Cast Shows," "Drama and Comedy," etc. The Harrison catalog, sent FREE upon joining if you request, does the same job for tapes and auto cartridges. uniGUIDE, the Club magazine, keeps you posted on releases of your favorite artists, supplements the Schwann and Harrison catalogs and lists extra-discount club specials.

FACT 7—"SPECIALS"—SAVE YOU EVEN MORE!
Specials are a **regular** feature of uniCLUB. You save extra dollars—often on a single item—40-80%. Specials appear in the uniGUIDE. See examples of the uniCLUB specials right here. You could save the price of your membership on 2 or 3 of these specials alone. You may order any or all of these 50% off items when you join—if you wish.

HERE ARE THREE FEATURES THAT ONLY UNICLUB HAS:

FACT 8—STEREO GEAR COSTS UP TO 50% LESS
• Acoustic Research • Ampex • Dynaco • Electro Voice • Empire • Kenwood • Tandberg • Garrard • Fisher • Sony. These are just a few of the manufacturers whose equipment you may buy at large discounts through uniCLUB. Both uniCLUB and full manufacturers' guarantees apply. Factory-sealed units are shipped promptly, always insured. Get a low uniCLUB quote on your needs and expand your system today!

FACT 9—BOOK DIVISION SAVES YOU 25%—ALL PUBLISHERS
Random House • Doubleday • Little, Brown • McGraw-Hill • Simon & Schuster • MacMillan—to name just a few. uniCLUB furnishes **every** book except *texts and *technical books at 25% discount. And, you get **only** original publishers' editions—not book-club editions. All paperbacks are available too at the same 25% discount. *Texts and technical books—10% off.

FACT 10—YOUR ORDER IS SHIPPED THE DAY UNICLUB GETS IT
Instead of just same-day processing—uniCLUB boasts same-day shipment of your LP and tape orders. Only uniCLUB can do it—500,000 LP's, tapes and cartridges in stock make it possible. (Books take slightly longer to reach you.)

uniCLUB Inc.

255 West 42nd Street
New York, N. Y. 10036 DEPT. NR 8178

Send my Free Schwann catalog, order blanks and uniGUIDE by return mail. $5 enclosed guarantees me:

1. LIFETIME MEMBERSHIP in uniCLUB
2. 35%-80% savings on LP albums, ⅓ off on tapes, 25% on books.
3. No requirements ever to buy anything. Nothing will ever be sent until I order it.

I must be delighted with uniCLUB or within 30 days I will let you know and receive a full refund.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____ CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____

☐ Send gift memberships at $2.50 each to names and addresses listed on attached sheet.

☐ I am also interested in pre-recorded tapes.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

citizens; and hopefully make them feel alarmed enough, troubled enough, anxious enough to want the serious and costly changes in our society that alone will grant us any true peace.

I suppose what they have in mind might be stated as follows: "Peace and tranquility" (to use one of George C. Wallace's favorite phrases) unquestionably soothes the nerves of white people. And as long as black men and women go along with things as they are, those white nerves will remain calm. Yet now for a number of social and historical reasons black people are no longer so cooperative. They are full of what the book's title asserts: rage. They have seen a bit of progress, and now want much more, enough to gain what the rest of us don't think or talk about but simply *have:* social and economic power. Under such circumstances the politics of "peace and tranquility" can only be considered at best a dangerous illusion, and more likely a polite way of saying "we will not give you a single thing that really changes the way life is lived in Lowndes County, Alabama or Harlem or Chicago's South Side." Since psychiatrists have always been troubled by "illusions," the apparent heresy of Drs. Grier and Cobbs is, finally, nothing but the therapist's commonly avowed act of faith: if we help the patient see the truth, the actual conditions he so resolutely denies, we will be bringing about necessary pain, the kind that goes with the awareness that precedes change, the kind that marks an end of the reassurance self-deception provides.

Nor are the doctors very surprising or unconventional when they go about their analysis. They go back in time, like most psychiatrists do. They point out what it is like for black men and women to grow up in this country. They talk about what poverty does to the minds of children and, more specifically, what black poverty has meant to millions of boys and girls – who later become, in significant numbers, badly wounded men and desperately frightened and bitter women. They analyze the strains that black marriages must endure: husbands who cannot find work; wives who can, but for low wages and long hours; fathers who are encouraged by law to disappear, so that their wives can get enough money (through welfare) to feed their children; mothers who cannot take much of anything for granted – food, decent shelter, the presence of a doctor when he is needed. It is awful in the ghettos for millions today, and it has always been awful – which is a social and historical fact with psychological consequences, as the authors repeatedly insist. In the past, for two centuries in fact, black people were chattel, mere property. The men were pieces of machinery, used to work the land and harvest its crops. The women were also machines – to make more machines. There were exceptions: free black men and white men who were not abusive, not even unkind to their slaves, or later their "help." But on the whole black men were born amid squalor, lived wretched lives, and died as Kafka's K does, "like a dog!" K says this to himself just before the end. Kafka adds: "It was as if he meant the shame of it to outlive him." As Kafka knew, shame has a life of its own, and a rather long one at that. And it is no great step from shame to rage, as we are now finding out.

Throughout this book the authors struggle with two dilemmas which they never quite resolve, perhaps because no psychiatrist really can. On the one hand they are trying to let people know what being a Negro in America does to the human mind. In many respects they reaffirm a previous psychiatric report, *The Mark of Oppression*, a "psycho-social study of the American Negro" also by two psychiatrists, both of them white, however. Persecuted, scorned people, consistently set apart and denied their rights, their dignity as citizens, become hurt, confused, scared, humiliated, worn down and, underneath it all, more angry than they themselves dare realize. In psychiatric language, they are likely to be "paranoid," "depressed," "phobic" and "anxiety-prone." They have "low self-esteem." Their "defense mechanisms" are faulty, that is "primitive" or "poorly developed." Drs. Grier and Cobbs, like their white predecessors Drs. Kardiner and Ovesey, offer example after example to prove in detail what I would hope any sensitive layman knows anyway: the human mind is part of the world, and when that world is oppressive the victims become scarred. In much of *Black Rage* the scars are demonstrated to be present in the individual lives the clinician meets up with. Yet for all his pain and suffering, the black man has experienced something else. Kardiner and Ovesey knew that to be so when they forewarned their readers, many of them determined pathologists no doubt hungry for the worst news they could find:

> "Finally, a word of caution must be given the reader concerning all these personal documents that follow. They read much worse than they are. The psychodynamic exploration of personality functioning inevitably concentrates on sources of conflict. The result may look as if we find everything 'bad.' This is very far from the truth. In these records will be found some of the most extraordinary examples of effective adaptation that we have seen anywhere, in any group. In fact, as a group we must make the judgment that their adaptability is extraordinarily good considering the

Are You A Slow Reader?

A noted publisher in Chicago reports there is a simple technique of rapid reading which should enable you to increase your reading speed and yet retain much more. Most people do not realize how much they could increase their pleasure, success and income by reading faster and more accurately.

According to this publisher, many people, regardless of their present reading skill, can use this simple technique to improve their reading ability to a remarkable degree. Whether reading stories, books, technical matter, it becomes possible to read sentences at a glance and entire pages in seconds with this method.

To acquaint the readers of this publication with the easy-to-follow rules for developing rapid reading skill, the company has printed full details of its interesting self-training method in a new booklet, "How to Read Faster and Retain More" mailed free to anyone who requests it. No obligation. Send your name, address, and zip code to: Reading, 835 Diversey Parkway, Dept. 535-018, Chicago, Ill. 60614. A postcard will do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

difficult conditions under which most of them live."

They go on to mention the occupational hazard all psychiatrists face, and all too often ignore: the danger that what in *The Mark of Oppression* is called "the happier aspects" of lives is systematically ignored while psychopathology is given not only its due, not even prominence, but unqualified predominance. And in *Black Rage*, for all the documented suffering, the same irony asserts itself: the black man in America has persisted, endured and against overwhelming odds fashioned for himself a culture, a style of life, a remarkable capacity to survive – survive period, and survive no matter what. Where, after all, did Malcolm X get his strength? His childhood, his youth were filled with one crushing blow after another. Yet the authors of this book can say, correctly: "The essence of Malcolm X was growth, change, and seeking after truth." Suffering can be absurdly romanticized, but it can also be outrageously used to deny the presence of everything else. In fact some of us love above all to pity others, and feel cheated when our pity is scorned – by people who have had enough of that particular kind of condescension. Both Dr. Grier and Dr. Cobbs know that anyone who can get angry at an enemy is not without resources. For a while the Negro was called incurably apathetic (if not by nature "slow" or worse). But history like psychotherapy, can change people – if they have the necessary psychological resources. Again and again in the South I saw apparently inert and terror-stricken black families take their stands, risk their lives, demonstrate just how clever and brave and sensible they can be, and as a matter of fact have been all along. "Sometimes it's right to be dumb and sometimes it is right to be smart," I was once told by a tenant farmer in Mississippi.

The authors of *Black Rage* would not be surprised by the remark. They have written a book that takes account of the ambiguities in the psychological make-up of black people, and of course, all the rest of us. To their great credit they consistently refuse to strip the black man of his humanity, to dwell exclusively upon his particular problems and special fate. They insist that "black men's mental functioning is governed by the same rules as that of any other group of men. Psychological principles understood first in the study of white men are true no matter what the man's color." Yes, from birth to death the black man's mind has a very special task: somehow to make personal sense of the world's senselessness, its irrational and brutal side, which black people all over the world have lived with intimately for centuries. But suffering ignores the color line, and so does healing, as the authors imply that they know:

> "Finally, psychotherapy itself is an indifferent instrument, profoundly effective in the hands of an artist, and worse than a waste of time in the hands of an incompetent. The interpretations and constructions are important, but a lot of patients have been made well with inexact interpretation. The essential ingredient is the capacity of the therapist to love his patient – to say to him that you have a listener and companion who wants you to make it. If you must weep, I'll wipe your tears. If you must hit, hit me, I can take it. I will, in fact, do *anything* to help you be what you can be – my love for you is of such an order. How many people, black or white, can so open their arms to a suffering black man?"

I would add that the white man is no more likely to find such a "listener"; and in fact Dr. Grier and Dr. Cobbs know and say that psychotherapy, anyway, will not work when *social* madness is the issue; when people *have* to be suspicious and guarded and fearful if they are to survive the oppressor; when anxiety about the next meal is "realistic" rather than "neurotic"; when hatred is not fantasied, not "projected" but actual; when exploitation is part of the "normal" world, to which therapists as well as patients belong, and from which just about all therapists but only some patients profit. The immediate answer is not the "love" the doctors mention, but concrete political and economic changes that will make such love, and indeed any love, less isolated, ironic and futile; in other words, love that is part of a society whose policies also demonstrate love, the kind of care and concern implied in the ancient notion of "charity," a word that has obviously been hopelessly corrupted.

The authors of *Black Rage* are professional and spiritual kin to Frantz Fanon. Like him they unashamedly scream as well as analyze. Like him, they laugh at the notion of "adjustment" – to what? To a world saturated with war and violence and hate and starvation? Like him, they have been trained to work with the individual's pain, but can never forget how the street and the marketplace affect individuals in their deepest selves. And like him, they uncannily mix apocalyptic politics with hard-headed clinical analysis. They see little time left, and "catastrophe" near. The rest of us may sense no such final crisis. But we, too, are nervous; and not only because of slogans and propaganda. We sense the rage these two American psychiatrists have written about, and we sense that it is everywhere, all around us, in the hundreds of millions of people whom Fanon called "the wretched of the earth." No wonder lights burn late in those long, long corridors of the Pentagon, and the Central Intelligence Agency gets more money than we are ever likely to know.

I REQUIRE . . .

a "dating service" that

- ☐ has outgrown pop prattle about the "swinging scene" (ages 21 to 65)
- ☐ has the enlightened versatility to match flower children and Wall Street tycoons (although only sometimes with each other)
- ☐ has penetrated bigtown anonymity to dare deal only with its more cultivated, intelligent, literary community (48% through personal referrals)
- ☐ offers exclusive, expensive, exhaustive, individual processing by trained consultants

☐ A LOOK AT YOUR OUTSTANDING QUESTIONNAIRE

MIND MATES

Bureau for Interpersonal Relations
1 East 42nd St., New York, N. Y. 10017
MU 2-3757

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MUSIC

Small Band Jazz

Two recent records of some historic value are John Coltrane's latest posthumous release, *Om*, (Impulse A9140) and Miles Davis' *Nefertiti* (Columbia CS9594, CL2794). Apart from the sheer pleasure of hearing two masterful musical intellects at work in their own environments, one can telescope much of the last 15 or 20 years of small band jazz through these records. Coltrane and Davis are that influential.

Playing these two sides one after the other is like checking out an historical "X," with the mid '50s, when John was with the Miles Davis Quintet, as the confluence. Miles' line runs from the mid-Western linear bebop improvisation exemplified by Charlie Parker (Parker was from Kansas City, Miles from East St. Louis) through cool and hard bop to the subtly shaded tints of black and grey at which he has arrived with *Nefertiti*.

Coltrane's line runs shorter than Miles', though they were the same age last August when death, the butcher of the old New Orleans funeral song, cut him down. But 'Trane was not the prodigy Miles was. Miles was 19 when he started woodshedding with Charlie Parker; Coltrane was 29 in 1955 when he accompanied Miles into national prominence. It's just that Coltrane took that long to find his sound. He struggled with his influences in sessions with unrecognized Philadelphia innovators until the Navy and Eddie (Cleanhead) Vinson finally took him on the road. From there his musical development was a matter of refinement and release: the refinement of those years in Miles' supersophisticated band and the release of the nerve end to nerve end communication of *Om* and other Coltrane records of the last five years.

I believe Miles to be the dominant figure of the jazz of the last 20 years. He was an important young stylist during the bebop period, but the jazz world started feeling his weight in the early '50s. "Cool," progressive and "West Coast" jazz were heavily influenced by his work of the period, especially by the famous 1949 recordings (now available under the title *Birth of the Cool*) which were largely responsible for such antiseptic monsters as Stan Kenton and Howard Rumsey and his Lighthouse All-Stars.

Miles exerted similar weight on the hard bop or East Coast movement. His bands with Sonny Rollins, Cannonball Adderley, Jackie McLean and John Coltrane had the classiest, most exciting front lines in the form. His rhythm sections were impeccable, with drummers Art Taylor and Philly Joe Jones, bassist Paul Chambers and men like Ray Bryant, Kenny Drew, Wynton Kelly and Bill Evans, several of the better pianists of the era. Most of Miles' sidemen were influential in their own right. But it is the Davis conception that makes him the force that he is. He gets more sound with less lip than any trumpet man, ever.

Coltrane was the kind of innovator Charlie Parker was, a soloist whose all out blowing left his audience emotionally exhausted, literally gasping for air. Like Parker, 'Trane's sound will be heard in all the new saxophonists of the next decade.

All this has to do with the emotive styles of black people. Here is Miles Dewey Davis, iceberg slim, cool as a December morning in Alaska, Italian-cut threads fitting him like a second skin, possessed of a lethally understated wit. His is the kind of emotional system which would never riot but could plan a perfect murder. Coltrane was a soft-spoken man who had hidden feelings one would never suspect him of until he closed his eyes and the horn touched his lips.

Listening to *Nefertiti*, I asked myself just what it was that made Miles such a great musician. The only word that came to mind was taste. On *Nefertiti*, he makes us attend his quietness, the hiatus between his notes. He never lets it all hang out, like Coltrane, but gives us the bare bones of improvisation – we get the rest by implication.

It also has to do with each man's concept of group improvisation. Both surrounded themselves with the very best musicians of a particular kind. The men around 'Trane were the kind who would reach for a sledge hammer at the prison wall. Miles' men would inflate themselves and float above it. In his last years Coltrane had with him Pharoah Saunders, the tenor man most likely to lead that genre after Coltrane's death. Miles has Wayne Shorter who is as subtle as his leader. Both these men are working at the most advanced ends of contemporary tenor saxophone improvisation, but they offer entirely different catharses: Pharoah will make you scream and shout; Wayne closes your eyes up and makes you look back inside yourself.

The drummers have that same difference. Elvin Jones is a rhythm motor. His playing has a density and a weight which very few horn players can ride. Miles' man, Tony Williams, is the quietest drummer alive, relying on the exact statement perfectly placed, giving the group a gently bubbling energy. He is easily the most promising drum prodigy since Max Roach.

It should be remembered here that Coltrane spent nearly five years in Miles' group, and that they were his most formative years. But Miles is more a balladeer than a blower; and somewhere between *Milestones* and *Kind of Blue*, the quietness settled into his music. In the same interval, that marvelous scream started bursting from Coltrane's horn, and one of the most seminal small bands ever assembled split up, to our benefit.

IS HUBERT REALLY A LIBERAL?

Where did he stand on Vietnam in 1950? On China in 1960?
Send for
"The Humphrey & McCarthy Records on Foreign Policy."
16 pp. 25c; 50—$7.50; 100—$10.

Prepared by
Nat'l Comm. for Sane Nuclear Policy,
381 Park Ave. So., NYC 10016

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For at the time of *Om* (undated, but probably around late '66 or early '67 because Elvin Jones was still with the band), Coltrane was becoming more and more a black mystic. His music was taking on the communicative urgency of the Sufi singer trying to make his voice the bridge between himself and Allah. John spent much of his last two years reading religious texts, trying to answer ancient theosophic questions about the presence of the Universal All in man. I think he wanted to find the meaning of that dynamite force field that kept erupting from his horn – his was the biggest sound in the world. He was the most spiritual of men, and all his records since *A Love Supreme* deal with his vision of God in everything and everything in God.

It is not surprising, therefore, that he should be assembling voices, lukembis, thumb harps, etc. to protect that universal essence that he found in the Upanishads. He is quoted in the liner notes as saying, "Om means the first vibration – that sound, that spirit which set into being. It is the word from which all men and everything else come, including all possible sound that man can make vocally. It is the first syllable, the primal word, the word of Power."

Miles, on the other hand, is more seductive on his record. His group has this languid sound, as if they weren't half trying. The title tune, *Nefertiti*, has no solos at all, but only various parts of the ensemble repeating over and over again the melody, a soft little ditty in a minor key. Yet there is something about each repetition that shifts the emotional effect ever so slightly until the listener is caught up in a net of nuance. There is one point where Miles and Wayne are playing in near unison, except that Shorter is about half a beat behind Miles, like a shadow out of step. It is an exquisite piece.

A. B. Spellman

Notes on Contributors

Robert Coles *is a contributing editor to this journal.* A. B. Spellman *is the author of* Four Lives in the Bebop Business *and is a visiting teacher at Morehouse College in Atlanta.*

Correspondence

The New Republic welcomes communications in regard to subjects of current interest. Those of 300 words or less are most suitable for publication.

Calling All Delegates—II

Sirs:

. . . Your enthusiasm for McCarthy – for whom many of us have a very high regard – leads you to a curious need to take a very patronizing attitude toward Humphrey. There is a fraction of the liberal movement in the country which takes this position. There is a far larger segment of the liberal movement and of the population which does not. *The New Republic* can choose to reflect any facet of opinion it wishes, but it is deluding itself and its readers when it represents that point of view as being predominant or representative. It is neither.

Your perfervid article, the many distortions of fact, are a sad commentary on the problem of trying to generalize from a limited set of facts and contacts. One can only hope you will get with the people – a wide range of people.

Neil Staebler
Democratic National Committeeman
Ann Arbor, Michigan

Loud hurrahs for your July 27 lead. My wife and I have written our Democratic Convention delegates saying that should Humphrey be nominated instead of McCarthy, we shall withdraw from the party and devote our time and funds to campaigning against him. If the choice is between Humphrey and Nixon, our so-called democracy is in a bad way indeed. *John Rood*
Athens, Ohio

The vehemence of the editorial helps to explain the rash of irrational *New Republic* editorials derogating Vice President Humphrey with simultaneous adulation of Senator McCarthy. It is indeed a strange assortment of liberals and not so liberal conservatives who are today championing the cause of a legislator who has spent his whole congressional and Senate career bogged down in implausible inaction. . . . Former Senator Humphrey has had one of the most creative legislative minds in this generation. . . .

Jack P. Whisnant, MD
Rochester, Minnesota

As one of the "sheepish delegates" waiting to be delivered to the Chicago stockyards, I would like to rectify the distorted image of the Humphrey movement which you presented in "Calling All Delegates." Many of us will be supporting Humphrey not because we are political pawns or members of a conservative cabal, but because we, like you, fear for the Republic, and recognize the need for the leadership of an effective liberal.

First, we are convinced on the basis of ample evidence that the McCarthy movement constitutes an intelligent and responsible, but nonetheless minority element of the American public. This means that McCarthy lacks the support necessary to win, and more important, would lack the moral authority and political force you cite as required to secure internal and external peace. We are convinced that Humphrey enjoys the popular support necessary for effective performance.

Second, we are convinced that Humphrey remains a dedicated liberal. His record and philosophy need no further comment, as you yourself admit. As for his being tainted with co-responsibility for the record of the "Johnson-Humphrey" Administration,

POSTERS OF THE PAST

Rare American posters, exact reproduction. New look for home, office, den & school. Exceptional values.

K4—LINCOLN CAMPAIGN POSTER 85c
K6—NEGRO SLAVE SALE POSTER 50c
P11—JESSE JAMES REWARD 25c
P39—BARNUM CIRCUS PROGRAM 50c
C63—CIVIL WAR RECRUITING 35c
R1—AMER. REVOLUTION RECRUITING 50c
P1—AMER. REV. BRITISH RECRUITING 65c
R4—1776. WARNS HOWE coming, etc. 35c
R15—LINCOLN FUNERAL POSTER 55c
C52—SHOWBOAT ILLUSTRATED HANDBILL 75c
C58—UNCLE TOM CABIN, illustrated poster 55c
C80—MOVIE POSTER—1903—rare 30c
C186—RAFFLE OF HORSE AND SLAVE 55c
C1—PLAYBILL, 1st GILBERT & SULLIVAN 35c
C12—AMER. REVOLUTION POSTER, rare 50c
C29—PONY EXPRESS POSTER—Illustrated 35c
C41—AUTOMOBILE CLOTHING WORN in 1900 ..... 25c
C44—ANNIE OAKLEY EXHIBITION 35c
C56—LINCOLN PORTRAIT—WOODCUT 35c
C91—MENU with prices—1834—Prob. 1st one 15c
C137—JEFF DAVIS CARTOON—rare $1.00
C138—STEAMBOAT POSTER—1821 ..... 30c
C155—TEXAS RECRUITING POSTER, Urgent 35c
C168—CUSTER'S LAST STAND—detailed 35c
C172—JULY 4th POSTER—illustrated, humorous 50c
C191—PROCLAMATION, Indian scalp prices 60c
C193—BROADSIDE, 1750, Mass.—oddity 40c
C264—LINCOLN PLAYS BASEBALL—1860 ..... 50c
C316—BOARDING HOUSE RULES—1880 ..... 35c
C332—CLEVELAND PRES. CAMPAIGN POSTER 50c
C337—EMPLOYEE RULES—1850 ..... 30c
C355—KENNEDY—Program—TEXAS DINNER 30c
K9—FASHION POSTER—1896 ladies 75c
P2—OLD CALIFORNIA TRAVEL POSTER, illust. 50c
P3—MURDERER OF LINCOLN—REWARD 50c
P9—U.S. REWARD POSTER—wanted 25c
D1—PHYSICIANS HANDBILL—1855—cancer 25c
D4—HOME DENTAL OUTFIT—1890 ..... 20c
C73—CIV. WAR NEWS POSTER—Ft. Sumter 35c
C4—N.Y. STAGECOACH POSTER—illustrated 40c
COMPLETE CATALOG 25c

Minimum order $2. Add 25c for mailing. Pioneer Hist. Society, Dept. AH, Harriman, Tenn. 37748.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

why not also charge him with complicity in its progressive accomplishments? Let us bear in mind that the liberal programs whose scuttling we bemoan are Administration-proposed programs, and that scuttling more often reflects the work of a conservative and penurious Congress and nation.

Third, we are convinced that Humphrey has the very necessary quality so sadly lacking in McCarthy – effectiveness. McCarthy's record in the Senate is hardly convincing; his public statements indicate a deplorable ignorance of the nature of executive effectiveness; and his position on reducing Presidential powers seems curiously naïve when every program he cites as necessary has been launched by and needs executive power, yet has been crippled by the formidable restraints which circumscribe such power. . . .

The unhappy fact is that the mood of the nation is conservative, that we liberals constitute at best a strong minority, that the "torrent of civil energy and idealism" sweeping this country does not reflect majority sentiment, and that a groundswell of public support for programs of radical reform does not exist. This means that the Democratic offer of Humphrey as Nixon's opponent is not a case of "blackmail," but a realistic recognition of limitations imposed by the American public and of what it takes to get things done.

Eugene J. Kolb
Alma College, Mich.

I commend you for your adless issue, not only because it demonstrates excellence in journalism, but also because it offers so cogent an analysis, and so compelling a call to action. Yet I cannot agree with you that "delegates can be spoken to." In Connecticut, at least, delegates are overwhelmingly the handpicked instruments of a machine hellbent on perpetuating the bureaucratic structure of the Johnson Administration. I will dutifully write to the delegates, though. Your issue has convinced me that this crucial election should call forth every last effort. I hope the delegates prove you right.

George F. Thiffault
Portland, Conn.

As a delegate to the Minnesota DFL conventions – county, district, and state – I know that your charge of "delegate robbery" there is unjustifiable. It happened that the considerable territories dominated by McCarthy supporters held their conventions earlier than the others; and it was only after they had swept with ruthless absolutism as far as they could go that they raised the cry for "fair shares" in Humphrey territory, as they now are doing nationally, through your magazine and otherwise.

Then in Paul R. Wieck's extension of your remarks, after implying that in state after state the choice of pro-Humphrey delegates was contrary to the people's will, he turned for virtuous contrast to New Hampshire. Am I mistaken in remembering that McCarthy's famous 42 percent of the primary vote there captured 83 percent of the delegates? (When Mr. Wieck got into this side of the matter, he dispensed with all particulars.) . . .

Guy Whitehead
Rochester, Minn.

Your editorial's scale of values places the part-time political amateur who wants to overthrow the system on a pedestal and consigns those who have had long, total commitments to the electoral process within the system to a political graveyard. It is childish babble. Your bias has blinded you to the progressive program which Vice President Humphrey has been outlining throughout the campaign which he entered late in April. It has blinded you to the consistency of his support in national polls. And it has blinded you to the danger of caving in as completely as you have to the threats of those who warned they will walk away or perhaps commit mayhem if they don't get their way in Chicago.

Alvin A. Spivak
Director of Public Information
United Democrats for Humphrey

. . . The rather transparent objective of the editorial is, as has been the objective of a number of your articles in recent weeks, to destroy Hubert Humphrey as a viable candidate for the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, so that your "boy", Senator McCarthy, may be the beneficiary. . . .

I have worked in California politics. I am no "big shot" or even "little shot." I am a concerned Democrat, but not of that variety which is trying to destroy Hubert Humphrey. I firmly believe that you are rendering a distinct disservice to the Democratic Party. But, I firmly believe that we "shall overcome." Hubert Humphrey will be nominated in Chicago and elected President in November. Should Nixon prevail, even though I do not share his political philosophy, I consider him better qualified, through experience, than McCarthy, who preaches "participatory democracy" and finds so much the matter with our government that he would like to "purify it."

Pauline A. Vorachek
Los Angeles, Calif.

My voting position has reached the point that:

1. I've signed a petition to my delegates from Maryland to support a Fourth Party.
2. I am urging others to do likewise.
3. In the event there is no success in the above and we are faced with collecting "Dollars for Democrats" the first of which is named HHH, I shall be a "drop out" and *not* vote.
4. Further I shall notify my delegates and my senators and congressman what I have done and why.

Best wishes to you for your courage and patriotism.

Cecil C. H. Cullander, MD
Bethesda, Md.

I was delighted to read that *The New Republic*, which of course I knew was supporting Sen. McCarthy, was conceding that "the Democratic Convention will be as open as most have been," and further, was even assuming that "a substantial" number of uncommitted delegates were "open-minded." In view of the prevailing attitude among the more dissident Democrats who are supporting McCarthy that the system is stacked against their man, this was refreshing candor indeed. However, when I got down to the fine print a couple of paragraphs later, I realized I had been overly optimistic as I read that Humphrey supporters are trying to railroad his election by "subverting the electoral system, defying the popular will and violating the canons of political responsibility."

Perhaps it is asking too much of *The*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Republic to be consistent in its present hysterical state, for what other word can be used to describe a magazine which 1) threatens us with "doom impending," possibly even civil war, if Humphrey is nominated; 2) accuses Humphrey supporters of "political blackmail" by seeking to win in the Convention what he could not win at the polls and forcing a choice between Humphrey and Nixon, and 3) paints Humphrey as the puppet manipulated by "boss wrangler" LBJ himself, together with "the Southern Bourbons," or "Southern racists" (take your pick), left-over pols from "the Tweed Ring" and "the Gilded Cage," "ossified" trade union executives and, of course, "Mr. Wall St. himself."

In view of this current hysteria, it would doubtless be foolish even to try to suggest that all *The New Republic* is doing is helping to kill off any chance for a liberal coalition to win this election and to insure Nixon's victory. This isn't "political blackmail" by Humphrey; this is sure suicide for the Democratic Party and any hope for progress.

Agnes S. Wolf
McLean, Va.

Coalescence of the Kennedy and McCarthy followings is essential to the defeat of the alliance of southern Bourbons, professional politicians and labor bureaucrats behind the Humphrey campaign. Yet at this stage there seems to be slim hope that key figures or substantial numbers of Kennedy delegates will be won over to McCarthy. . . . It is entirely likely that Humphrey will fall short of nomination in the early balloting at Chicago, as "favorite son" and Kennedy delegations hold out to see where the convention is going. Should no swing to McCarthy appear in prospect, an alternative should be available who can command the common support of McCarthy and Kennedy backers because of his record, known convictions and character. Senator George McGovern can be such an alternative. . . .

Max Gordon
New York, N.Y.

Your eloquent editorial, "Calling All Delegates," states many hard truths but it goes too far. This is an imperfect world, full of hard choices and unfair circumstances. As an Oregon delegate to the Democratic National Convention, I shall continue to support McCarthy as long as he has any reasonable chance of winning the nomination, even beyond the limits required by Oregon law.

But if McCarthy can't win I shall enthusiastically turn to Hubert Humphrey. I do not believe in so doing that I would "forfeit any power" I might have "to counter the arguments of those who advocate violence as the only practical strategy for redeeming society."

Nor does Hubert Humphrey himself so forfeit. As a Member of Congress (1956 to 1961) and as a Food for Peace White House consultant in 1961, I worked with Hubert Humphrey on disarmament, Latin American affairs and other matters. I like and respect him.

Flawed and fallible like any other mortal man, Humphrey still possesses the imagination, the integrity and the intelligence to guide our nation successfully in these days of change and challenge. His verve and experience will lead to different, better policies when he is captain instead of a team member.

Charles O. Porter
Eugene, Oregon

Your astute portrayal of the big business-big labor- old politics-southern bourbon backing which HHH has in his corner was especially penetrating and useful to your readers. As a Texan who has had long experience in many political battles against Lyndon Johnson and John Connally I have very special reasons for not wanting their domination of the national Democratic Party, much less the national government, perpetuated by the nomination and election of their boy, Humphrey. . . .

Dave Shapiro
San Antonio, Texas

The editors wish to thank the very many readers who have written to express their views on the article "Calling All Delegates." The replies were too numerous to permit personal acknowledgement.

PERSONALS

AMERICA'S IMPORTANT MUSEUMS, large and small, will benefit directly from your support of the American Association of Museums. Tax deductible contributions of concerned individuals, corporations, and foundations foster development of significant new educational and cultural programs for today's world. Send check or request additional information today. Mail to: American Association of Museums, 2306B Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20008.

HOPE FOR PRESIDENT. Those interested in promoting Bob Hope for President of the United States, please write: Hope for President, Box 3090, New Republic.

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTOR? Handbook $1. SUB—Box 19, University Station, Seattle, Washington 98105.

NEW MICKEY MOUSE WATCHES, $8.50. Valmar Sales. Box 705, Glen Alpine, North Carolina 28628.

BUMPER STICKERS: "BAN GUNS," "NIX-on NIXON," "McCARTHY for PRESIDENT," "HUMPHREY for PRESIDENT," "SOCK-IT-TO-EM, ROCKY." Choice of 2/$1.00. Usen Enterprises, Box 3471, Glendale, California 91201.

POLITICS CAN BE AMUSING. Frequently funny when it least intends to be, it needs only little help on other occasions. Humorous, musical, and satirical treatment of politics and politicians is perceptively combined in recent (West Coast FM series) one hour program entitled: "SOME NOTES (mostly musical) ON AMERICAN POLITICAL HYSTERI(A): From the Boston Tea Party to Adlai Stevenson with song quality no more uneven than our elected officials (Samuel J. Tilden's campaign song is a catastrophe of classic proportions)." This collector's item plus list of other programs, for special introductory price of $4.95, on broadcast quality tape. Skeptics Sampler: 10-minute excerpt for $1.95. MENSANA, P.O. Box 10355(R), Alexandria, Virginia 22310.

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY CAMPUS: unique lecture notes. Hundreds of courses, taken directly in class by professionals from world-famous teachers. $1-$4. Send for free catalog. Fybate Lecture Notes, Dept. M, 2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley, Calif. 94704.

Rx FOR A NEW WAY OF LIFE IN CLEVELAND. Live in Shaker Heights. Just 15 minutes from University Circle. Case-Western Reserve. Close to shopping centers, 20 minutes to downtown by Rapid. Send the children to nation's top-ranked schools. Enjoy the finest of city services. Pleasant streets, stable integrated neighborhoods, gracious homes from $20,000 to $45,000. For complete information, contact THE SHAKER COMMUNITIES, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 751-2155.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WHO NEEDS IT? Independent study? Personal freedom? A chance to help make a new kind of college work? If you need it, write Admissions NR, Franconia College, Franconia, N. H. 03580.

SNOOPY FOR PRESIDENT — 249 other underground buttons. 1/25c, 5/$1, 50/$5, 125/$10 and 1,000/$75. Free catalogue. Stores: Free sample! Big Little Store, 1671 Washington, San Francisco 94109.

KING-SIZE BUMPERSTRIPS – "McCarthy in '68," "Reagan & Lassie in '68," "Melt General Hershey," "Studying Causes Cancer"; 2/$1, 5/$2, 15/$5. TOPP, PO. Box 1802, Chicago, Ill. 60690.

PSYCHEDELIC LIGHTING MANUAL! Make your own strobes, light-machines, color organs, etc. with easy instructions and diagrams. Send $2.00 to Lightrays, 713 K Pine, Phila., Pa. 19106.

HOW You Can Stop Smoking. No fads or gimmicks! This book presents a step-by-step method that is medically and psychologically sound. The smoking habit is in the mind—which must be conditioned against smoking. Will you be another cancer statistic? Make up your mind now! This 96-page book may save your life! Only $2.00. LEE'S TRADING POST, 5703 Hudson LB3, Dallas, Texas 75206.

HUELGA—a film about the California grape workers' strike. Narrated by Cesar Chaves. 16mm black/white; 15 minutes, rental $20. Holden Enterprises, 5812 Costello Ave., Van Nuys, California 91401.

DISCOVER AN INTRIGUING, fun approach to meeting alert, literate, Jewish singles. No computers used. For FREE analytical questionnaire write: OPERATION MAZELTOV, 550 Fifth Avenue, NYC 10036.

"PROTEST WITH DISTINCTION"; Controversial underground bumper stickers. Free list: Dealers inquire. SNICKER STICKERS, Box 4243, Hollywood, Florida 33023.

PHYSICIANS! SCIENTISTS! ENGINEERS! We invite all concerned citizens to join us in support of Senator Eugene McCarthy for President. Your contribution and your participation are urgently needed. Contributors of $10.00 or more will receive 2 "Scientists and Engineers for McCarthy" bumper stickers. Scientists and Engineers for McCarthy, National Headquarters, 827 No. Charles Street, Baltimore, Maryland 21201.

FOR SALE 80 acres unimproved S.E. Missouri. Sacrifice $9,500, terms. Phone: 212/434-0781.

SEARCHING? : : : : : It's not enough to just "know thyself." COM/PAIR, the "People-Matching-People" of Princeton speed your search. It's a way to meet a truly interesting match. National, international clients. $10 fee payable when you return questionnaire. Request free questionnaire from Com/Pair Systems, NR17, 194 Nassau, Princeton, N. J. 08540.

PEACE REQUIRES ESPERANTO: text, record loaned FREE. Esperanto Library, Dept. NR, Middleton, Wis. 53562.

DEDICATION FOR THESE TIMES: "I Will WORK As If Everything Depended On Me; I Will PRAY As If Everything Depended on God." 4" x 8½" plaque, mahogany finish, gold bevel, $2.50. IDEA PLAQUES, Rye, N. Y. 10580.

HIGH SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEACHERS advising students on service opportunities need DIRECTORY OF SERVICE ORGANIZATIONS, $1.00. Publications, National Service Secretariat, 1629 "K" Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

A SMART, PROGRESSIVE, 30-year-old Negro attorney opposing Senator Herman Talmadge in Georgia needs help. Send dollars to Georgians for Maynard Jackson, 5 Forsyth St., Atlanta, Georgia 30303.

"FOUR WILL FORMS" and Lawyer's Guide to Wills. $1.00 complete. National Forms. Box 48313-NR, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

INTERESTED IN LIFE? Believe men should live each day to the fullest? So do humanists. For information, write: Dept. NR-1, American Humanist Association, 125 El Camino del Mar, San Francisco, Calif. 94121.

MAKE YOUR WILL. Why delay? Get 4 Will Forms and attorney's informative book, $1.00. Legal Forms Company, Dept. 25, 1967 Guardian Building, Detroit, Michigan 48226.

HEAT UP YOUR LEADERSHIP POTENTIAL! Uncover your personal strengths. Jazz up your leadership at home or work. A light, sprightly way to capitalize on your strongest points. Send 25 word handwritten statement (anything you wish) and $3.00 (check or money order, please) to receive your personality analysis from Jilly G, Box 47, Caldwell, N. J. 07006.

OVERSEAS POSITIONS offer high salaries, free travel. Comprehensive new "Guide to Employment Abroad" covers all possibilities. Includes exclusive "Directory of American Companies Overseas" and special reports on summer jobs, government careers, international organizations, medical work, teaching, librarian, secretarial, newspaper and social work overseas. Only $2.00 postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or payment refunded. Hill International Publications, P.O. Box 79 - N, East Islip, New York 11730.

"REAGAN, EX-RADICAL," Andrew Kopkind's 1967 report from California, 5 pages, 6 copies 25c. Reprint Department, The New Republic, 1244 19th Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20036.

SILENCE TV COMMERCIALS. "Do-it-yourself" instructions 25c; complete kit $2.00. THE SILENCER, P.O. Box 106, Berkeley, Cal. 94701.

ATTENTION! College Students: An accurate, inexpensive, reliable method of Vocational Guidance—now available to you! Why waste time on nonessential subjects? The validity of Natal Astrology has been re-established beyond any reasonable doubt! Faculty members are invited to re-examine conclusive data in short Seminars. Write: Dean Schumaker, Palmetto, Fla. 33561.

LIBERAL DEMOCRAT in Appalachian swing district opposes conservative (93% ACA) Congressman. Has large volunteer staff but needs financial aid. Please send contributions to: P.O. Box 326, New Marshfield, Ohio 45766.

"ABOLISH ALL ABORTION LAWS;" Abolish Slavery: Abolish Conscription; Age 18 Vote. Bumperstickers, 1/25c; 10/$1; 100/$5. Legalize Liberty, POB 36061, Los Angeles, Calif. 90036.

CUSTOM-MADE BUTTONS, BUMPER STRIPS, DECALS, BALLOONS, PARKING PERMITS. Union made. Send $1.00 (refundable) for catalog and samples. LARRY FOX, Box 581-N, Hempstead, N. Y. 11551.

MEDITATION? Practice invokes knowledge, evokes insight. First year bimonthly training course free. Write MEDITATIONS, P.O. Box 566N, Ojai, California 93023.

ANTIQUES AND THEIR CURRENT PRICES—is a big illustrated 380-page guide telling you the value of 32,000 antique items. This is the only accredited antique dealers' handbook in the country, now available to the public. Includes pictures, prices of glass, china, furniture, toys, metal and pewterware, and more than 200 other groups. Gives dealer prices and serves as an excellent check list. Order Now! $6.95. LEE'S TRADING POST, 5703 Hudson LB3, Dallas, Texas 75206.

ANTI-WAR PENDANTS, BUTTONS, POSTERS, POSTCARDS, ETC., wholesale to all. New, expanded 11-page catalogue. 25c brings it air mail. FREE SPEECH INC., 28 St. Marks Pl., NYC 10003.

COMPUTER DATING SERVICE for single adults. Send for free brochure. COMPUTADATE, P.O. Box 20-N, Peabody, Mass. 01960.

SLEEP-LEARNING; HYPNOTISM! Strange catalog free. Autosuggestion, Box 24-NR, Olympia, Washington.

AUTOMOBILE BUMPER STICKERS, Custom-made, low-cost advertising for Organizations, Special Events, Political Campaigns, Slogans School Projects, Business, Theatrical Productions, Tourist Attractions, Motels, Resorts, and Drive-Ins. Write for Free Brochure, Price List and Samples. Please State Intended Use. Reflective Advertising, Inc., Dept. NR, 873 Longacre, St. Louis, Mo. 63132.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HOW TO BE THE PERSON YOU WANT TO BE! Overcome sexual, social, job inhibitions! Free literature: SELF-REALIZATION CENTER, Box 393-D, New York, N. Y. 10003.

CHANGING ADDRESS? Vacationing? Send both old and new addresses to: The New Republic, 381 West Center Street, Marion, Ohio 43302. Include your mailing label if possible. Allow four weeks to change.

TEA DEVOTEES naturally select Grace Rare Teas. Free brochure. Grace Tea Importers, Dept. 8-8, 79 Wall Street, NYC.

LITERATURE

ALAN WATTS — The 'Deep In' View—$1.50; DUSTbooks, Box 123, El Cerrito, Calif. 94530.

THE TRUMPET—Digest of Independent Liberal Thought. 1 year (12 issues)—$1.00. P.O. Box 822, Rockford, Ill. 61105.

GLOSSARY OF MOTION PICTURE TERMINOLOGY. First time available! Send $2.25 per copy (handling and postage included) in check or money order to: Jorston Enterprises, P.O. Box 5159, Beverly Hills, California 90213.

BRITISH BOOK BARGAINS – All subjects. Catalogue free. Wants found. Transbooks, Box 44-NR, Matawan, New Jersey.

MODERN LEADER examines How to Christianize world. Introductory letter—Art and Revolution—$1.00. Portable Playhouse, Dept. ML, P. O. Box 5922, Chicago, Illinois 60680.

FREE PAPERBACK LISTS. Write, inquire how thousands save! PAPERBACKS, HARDBOUNDS, RECORDS. New York Book, 4 A West 43rd Street, NYC 10036.

EMPLOYMENT

MANUSCRIPT IN TROUBLE? Pro Writer-Editor Aids Writers in Revising Mss. for Publications French-English. Box 455, New Republic.

VISTA, LLB (UPa.), published; wants San Francisco area job. Law, politics, education, journalism. R. Levin, c/o CLC, 116 S. Michigan, Chicago, Ill.

TEACHING OPPORTUNITIES – Teachers, all subjects and levels; administrators; department heads, housemothers, nurses, etc.; private schools, all states, beginners, experienced; initial details without obligation; confidential. School Service Bureau, Box 2780, Windsor, Connecticut.

PH.D., PSYCHOLOGY, 35, male, single. Seeks overseas or foreign travel position that offers challenge and adventure. Box 432, Pinckney, Michigan 48169.

LAWYERS, VISTA EXPERIENCE, Legal Service Appalachia, want urban area job. Law, politics, journalism, community action. R. Brown, 1522 24th St., Detroit, Michigan; H. S. Goldman, Box 176, Monterey, Tenn.

GENERAL RESEARCH ASSIGNMENTS conducted by research specialist. Quick, accurate, reliable. Moderate rates. Lawrence Sork Jr., 1015 Geary, #101, San Francisco, Calif. 94109.

AUSTRALIA WANTS YOU! Government assisted passage. Unlimited opportunities. Latest Government Information and Forms. $1.00. Austco, Box 3623-EE, Long Beach, California 90803.

VACATIONS/TRAVEL

ROCKY MOUNTAIN FEVER? Enjoy Vail, Colorado's August, September. Two-bedroom, mountainside condominium (sleeps 8) fully-equipped. Golf, fishing, hunting, swimming. $100.00 week. Write: James Hinchey, General Delivery, Vail, Colorado 81657.

SWISS RESORT: AAA, Nature, Peace, Beauty, Modern comfort; sports; Swiss cuisine; excellent library. Snowvillage Lodge, Snowville, N.H. 03877. Tel. Conway 603 – 447-2818.

287 EUROPEAN HOTELS, 167 cities, 24 countries Excellent, inexpensive. Prices, addresses. $1.00. Voyages, Ltd., Box 24684NR, Los Angeles, California 90024.

WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE – $1.25. Rates, schedules 700 passenger carrying freighters. Travel-tips, 40-JBC, Bell, Bayside, N. Y. 11361.

DRIVE TO MEXICO. You'll need special Mexican auto insurance. When you buy your coverage from Sanborn's, you get a big free bonus – Dan Sanborn's famous mile-by-mile road direction "logs" to follow your very own itinerary, plus latest info on highways and accommodations. Write for free "Trip Planner" packet – very helpful. SANBORN'S, McAllen, Texas 78501.

PROPERTY – Sale/Rent

BOARD AND LODGING, two mature students. Very convenient location; di felce, Box 9673, Washington, D.C. 20016.

FOR SALE: Ten-family summer colony. Ideal for group. City water; filtered pool; recreation hall; beautiful parklike grounds; reasonable. Write for additional information: Golub's, P.O. Box 27, Swan Lake, N. Y. 12783.

MOUNTAIN HOME. New Mexico. November (possibly earlier)—May. Somewhat primitive. Rent free exchange care house and pets. Box 351, Grants, N.M. 87020.

GUANAJUATO, MEXICO country home. Two baths, three bedrooms, gardens. Box 3085, New Republic.

VINEYARD HAVEN—September 1-15—Six bedrooms, 3 baths, living room, kitchen, deck. $250 plus utilities. 617/868-0704. Yarmonlinsky, 6 Longfellow Park, Cambridge, Mass. 02138.

ARTS AND CRAFTS

LIFE SIZE 16" x 20" PORTRAIT OF DISTINCTION done from your photo, charcoal—$20; colored pastels, $30. Satisfaction guaranteed. John Walencik, Box 4596, Chicago, Ill. 60680.

SELF-HELP PROGRAM. Non-profit Ecuadorian Organization mails, directly from Ecuador, the best Ecuadorian Handicrafts created by gifted Craftsmen. Write for free colorful catalog: OCEPA 4. Box 2948, Quito, Ecuador.

BOOKPLATES. Free catalog. Many beautiful designs. Address BOOKPLATES, Yellow Springs 3, Ohio.

CABUYA BAGS—Woven natural-fibre handbags—leather trimmed—for beach, campus, casual wear. (C. D. Project) Write: Andean, Box 472-R. Cuenca, Equador.

MUSIC

HARPSICHORDS, CLAVICHORDS by Sperrhake. Dependable, beautiful, moderately priced. Robert S. Taylor, 8710 Garfield Street, Bethesda, Md.

YOUR BACH becomes alive on a Sabathil harpsichord, Vancouver, Canada.

CLASSIFIED RATES

Per word (single insertion) 25c
Per word 6 times in one contract year.....23c
Per word 12 times in one contract year.....22c
Per word 24 times in one contract year.....20c
Per word 48 times in one contract year.....18c

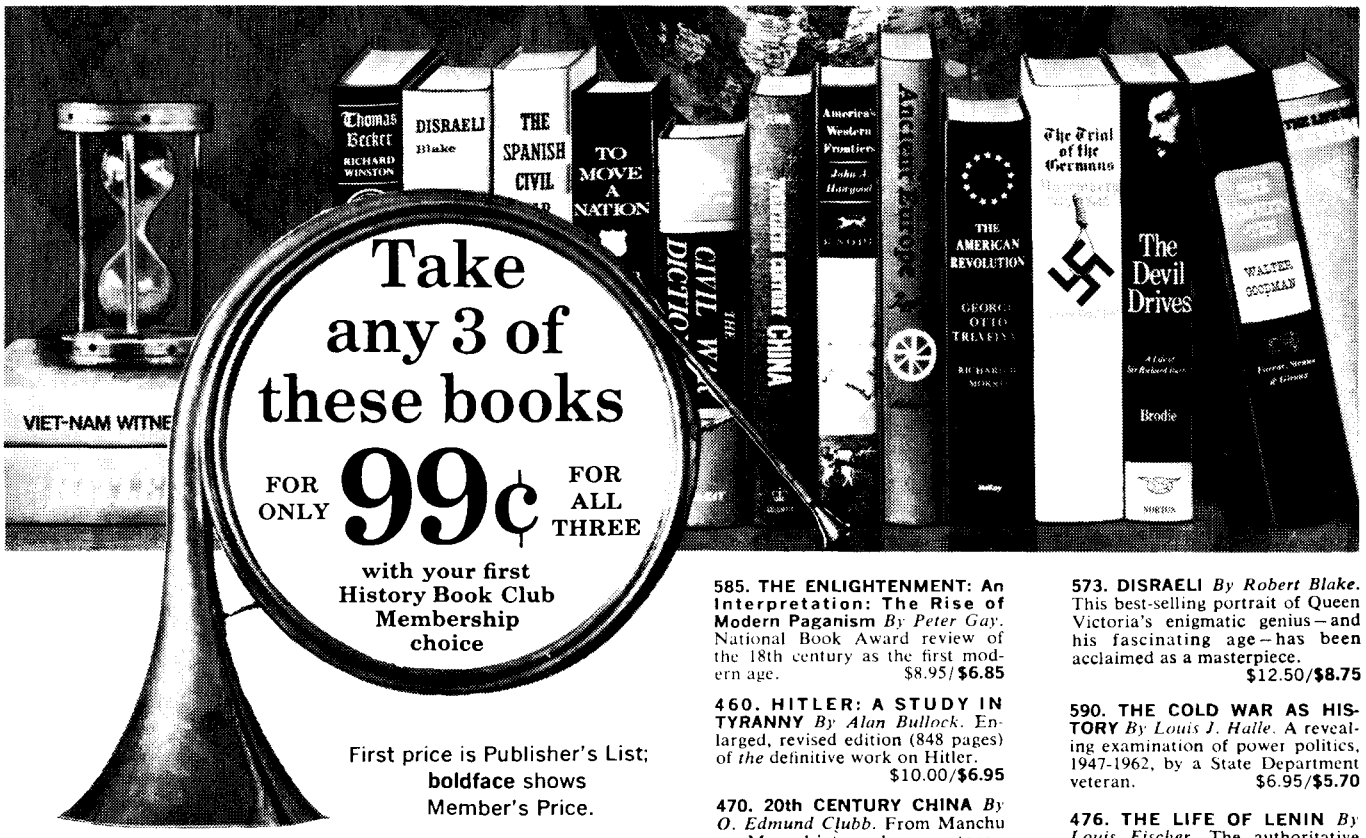
Payment in Advance of Insertion Required for Less Than 24 Insertions in One Year

THE NEW REPUBLIC
1244 Nineteenth Street, N.W.,
Washington, D. C. 20036

Printed By The McCall Printing Co.
Mid-Atlantic Division

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SUBSTANTIAL SAVINGS ON IMPORTANT WORKS OF HISTORY AND WORLD AFFAIRS!



Take any 3 of these books

FOR ONLY **99¢** FOR ALL THREE

with your first History Book Club Membership choice

First price is Publisher's List; **boldface** shows Member's Price.

545. VIET-NAM WITNESS, 1953-66 *By Bernard B. Fall.* The evolution of our Viet-Nam crisis. "More useful than any other [book] to an understanding of the intricate issues." *Walter Millis.* $6.95/**$5.80**

464. THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION *By G. O. Trevelyan.* Now in one volume, edited by Richard B. Morris—*the* great work by one of the foremost British historians. $10.00/**$6.95**

584. THOMAS BECKET *By Richard Winston.* The life and times of this fascinating medieval figure—archbishop, statesman, soldier, martyr—in a major new study. $10.00/**$7.50**

369. THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR *By Hugh Thomas.* A spellbinder—the complete history of the grim "dress rehearsal for World War Two." $8.95/**$6.50**

543. ANCIENT EUROPE *By Stuart Piggott.* From 6000 B.C. to the Roman era, this fascinating survey traces the prehistory of barbarian Europe. 194 illustrations. $7.50/**$6.15**

602. THOMAS JEFFERSON: A PROFILE *Edited by Merrill D. Peterson.* Eleven outstanding essays on the man, his thoughts and his deeds, plus biography. $5.95/**$4.95**

563. LATIN AMERICA: A CULTURAL HISTORY *By German Arciniegas.* From Columbus to Castro—the ideas, customs, religions, literature and arts. $10.00/**$6.95**

554. THE TRIAL OF THE GERMANS: NUREMBERG, 1945-46 *By Eugene Davidson.* Twenty-two brilliant biographies of the Nuremberg war criminals which build a total picture of Nazi Germany. $12.50/**$8.95**

615. THE COMMITTEE: The Extraordinary Career of the House Committee on Un-American Activities *By Walter Goodman.* A remarkably fresh and fair account of the controversial HUAC's three-decade career. $10.00/**$7.50**

101. HISTORY OF THE GERMAN GENERAL STAFF *By Walter Goerlitz.* Story of the world's most feared war machine, 1657-1945. $7.50/**$5.95**

444. MEDIEVAL HISTORY *By Norman F. Cantor.* Life and death of a grim yet colorful civilization. $8.95/**$7.40**

570. CONQUEROR OF THE WORLD: THE LIFE OF CHINGIS-KHAN *By Rene Grousset.* An exciting modern retelling of the Mongol conquest of most of the 13th-century world. $6.95/**$5.75**

508. WASHING OF THE SPEARS *By Donald R. Morris.* Proud and tragic history of the Zulu nation, its brief glory and its downfall in the Zulu War, 1879. $12.00/**$7.95**

481. THE LONG DEATH *By Ralph K. Andrist.* The last days of the Plains Indians and their tragic struggle for survival against the Whites. $8.95/**$6.95**

583. THE DEVIL DRIVES: A LIFE OF SIR RICHARD BURTON *By Fawn M. Brodie.* Major biography of a fascinating Victorian hero: Congo explorer, accomplished linguist, translator of the unexpurgated Arabian Nights; poet, anthropologist, pioneer sexologist. "Buy it, steal it, read it." *N. Y. Times.* $6.95/**$5.70**

607. FROM SLAVERY TO FREEDOM: A HISTORY OF NEGRO AMERICANS *By John Hope Franklin.* A top-ranking historian traces the Negroes' course from their African origins to contemporary North and South America. $10.75/**$7.40**

585. THE ENLIGHTENMENT: An Interpretation: The Rise of Modern Paganism *By Peter Gay.* National Book Award review of the 18th century as the first modern age. $8.95/**$6.85**

460. HITLER: A STUDY IN TYRANNY *By Alan Bullock.* Enlarged, revised edition (848 pages) of *the* definitive work on Hitler. $10.00/**$6.95**

470. 20th CENTURY CHINA *By O. Edmund Clubb.* From Manchu to Mao—history by a veteran "China hand." $7.95/**$5.95**

466. THE TWO VIET-NAMS (2nd Rev. Edition) *By Bernard B. Fall.* A historical study. "The most comprehensive and illuminating study yet available . . . of the total situation in Viet-Nam." *N. Y. Times* $7.95/**$6.80**

573. DISRAELI *By Robert Blake.* This best-selling portrait of Queen Victoria's enigmatic genius—and his fascinating age—has been acclaimed as a masterpiece. $12.50/**$8.75**

590. THE COLD WAR AS HISTORY *By Louis J. Halle.* A revealing examination of power politics, 1947-1962, by a State Department veteran. $6.95/**$5.70**

476. THE LIFE OF LENIN *By Louis Fischer.* The authoritative story—winner of the National Book Award. $12.50/**$8.50**

609. VEXED AND TROUBLED ENGLISHMEN, 1590–1642 *By Carl Bridenbaugh.* The economic and religious woes that drove 80,000 Englishmen to the New World. $10.00/**$8.00**

Three good reasons to join The History Book Club:

- **Dramatic savings.** As a trial member, you can save over 50% on your choice of the finest works of history and world affairs—more than 130 titles to choose from each month.
- **Liberal bonus plan.** You are free to select your bonus books from our entire list . . . no restrictions as in most clubs. After trial membership, you earn a bonus certificate with every four books you purchase.
- **Exceptional quality.** The History Book Club always brings you new volumes identical with or superior to original publishers' editions . . . never economy "book club" reprints.

ENROLL NOW TO RECEIVE UP TO $37.50 WORTH OF FINE BOOKS FOR ONLY 99¢

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB Stamford, Conn. 06904

Please open a Trial Membership for me and send the introductory package of books indicated below. Bill me 99¢ for the three. At the same time, send the membership book I have also indicated and bill me for it at the low Member's Price.

I understand that I may return the books within 2 weeks if I am not delighted with them and that their return will automatically cancel my membership. Otherwise I shall complete my Trial Membership by purchasing 4 more selections during the coming year from among more than 130 offered at money-saving Member's Prices in the monthly REVIEW. (A reply card is always enclosed with the REVIEW.)

Completion of my Trial Membership will entitle me to choose a Bonus Book for every 4 books I purchase thereafter. (NOTE: Bonus Books are shipped at the Club's expense; on all other shipments a small postage and packing charge is added.)

Fill in numbers of your three introductory books, 99¢ for all three [ ] [ ] [ ]

Fill in number of your choice at member's price [ ]

Name _____
(please print)

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

In Canada, same savings. Shipment of books and all services will be handled within Canada. Bonus plan differs slightly. NR26S

THE HISTORY BOOK CLUB • *Stamford, Conn. 06904*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED